

SMASH

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DECEMBER
No. 56

COMICS

It's no JOKE when
MIDNIGHT
and his PALS
meet The
**LAUGHING
KILLER!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"Make Me Prove . . .
I CAN MAKE **YOU**
COMMANDO
-TOUGH

inside and out . . . in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the

WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day

Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

**READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS
SAY ABOUT JOWETT**



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest!—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

**JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK
OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!**

FREE!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.**



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director of YMCA Atlantic City.

**BUILD A BODY
YOU'LL BE PROUD OF**

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in **BOOK FORM**
ONLY 25c EACH
or **ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it— all five of these famous course-books for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 5812 New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 5812 New York 1, N. Y.
George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose (). Include **FREE** book of **PHOTOS**.

- ☐ All 5 courses for . . . \$1
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Legs 25c
- ☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

NAME Age
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS

The
LAUGHING KILLER
LED MIDNIGHT AND
HIS PALS A MERRY CHASE!
HE HAD A SENSE OF HUMOR
THAT WOULD KILL YOU! --

HE SLAYED 'EM
WITH HIS UPROARIOUS
LAUGHTER!

READ HOW
MIDNIGHT
BECAME THE PRANKSTER
AND CAUSED THE
KILLER TO DIE
LAUGHING!

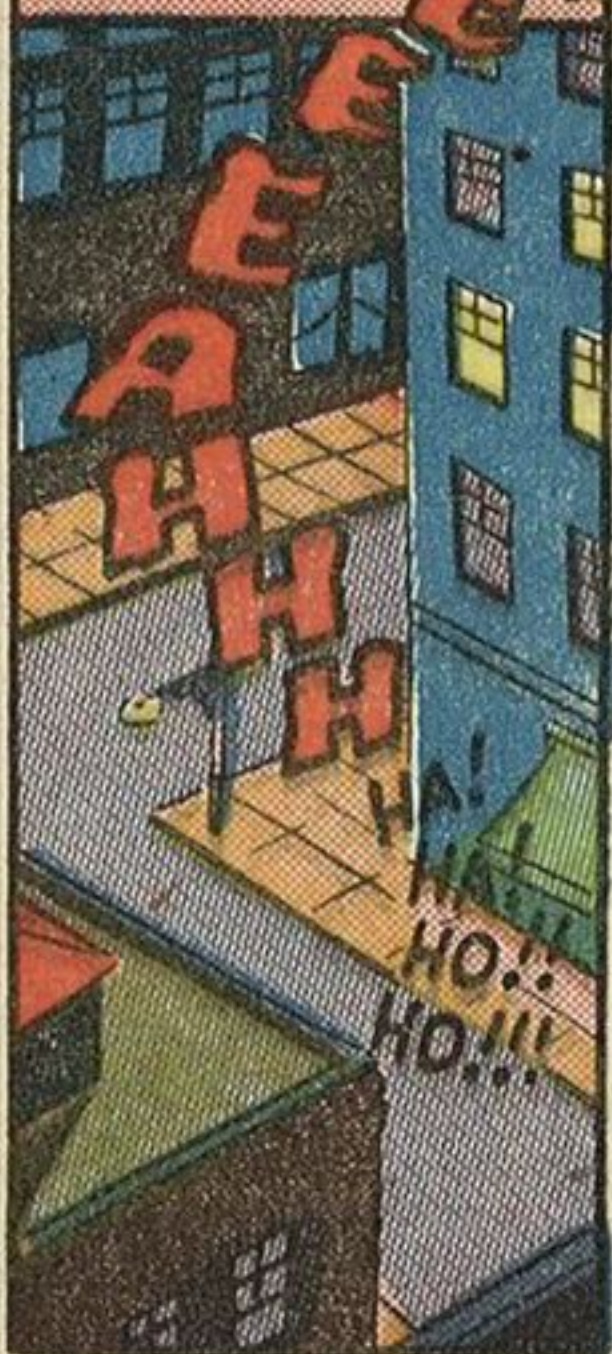


by
Paul
Gustavson

Night...and a peaceful city sleeps...



Until suddenly a chilling sound breaks the silence!!



JOHN -- WAKE UP!! THAT HORRIBLE LAUGHTER -- IT'S COMING FROM RIGHT UNDER OUR WINDOW!!

HUH?

WHAZZAT??

EEEEEEEEK!
A MAN -- ALL BLOODY!!

AGH-H!
I'LL PHONE THE POLICE!!!

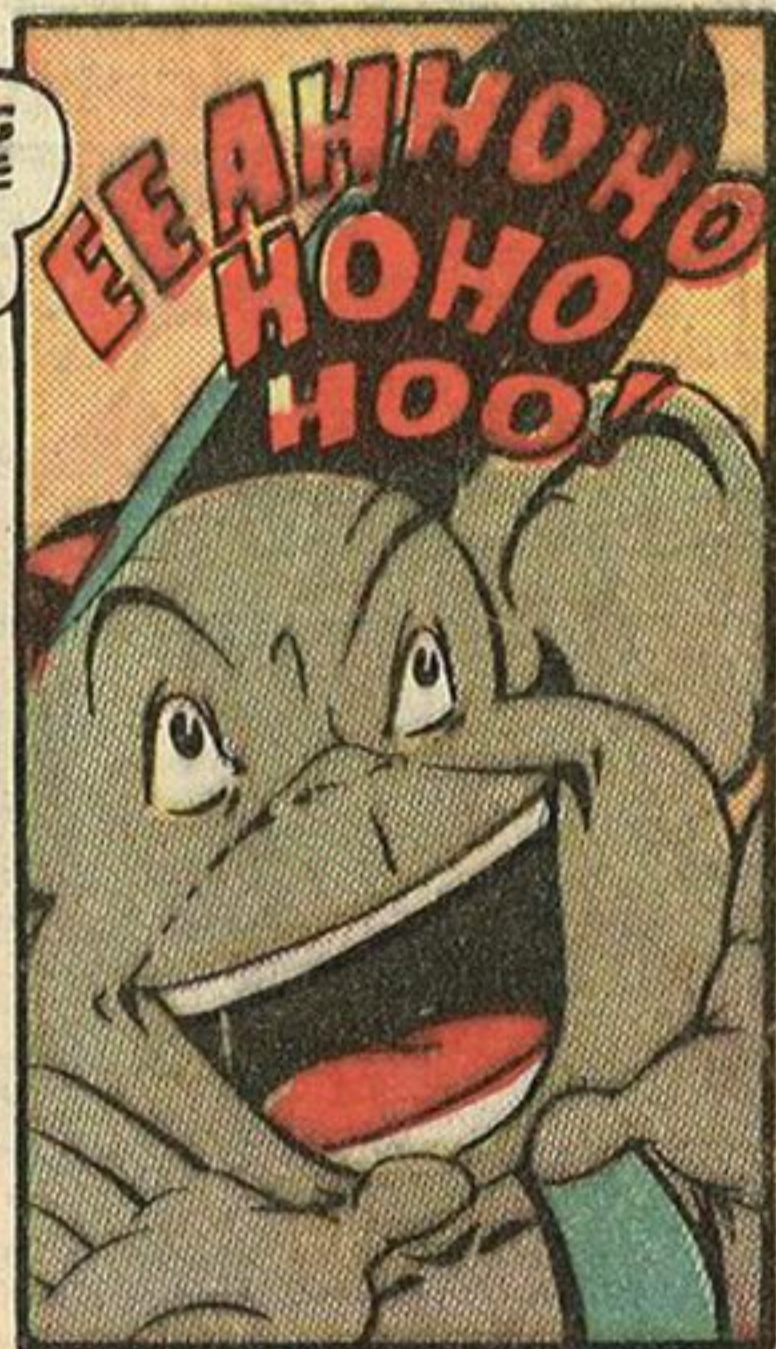
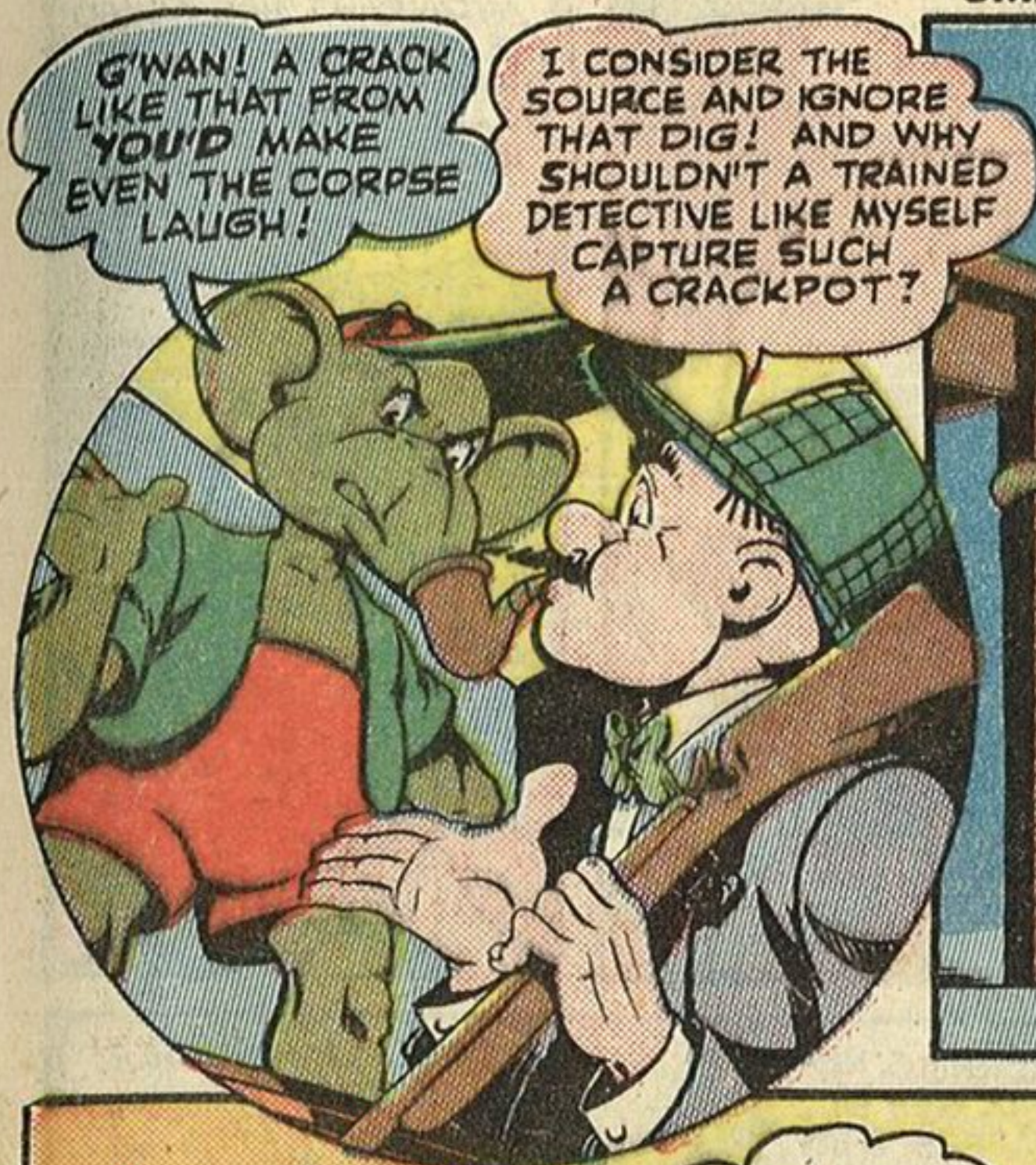
Next Morning...



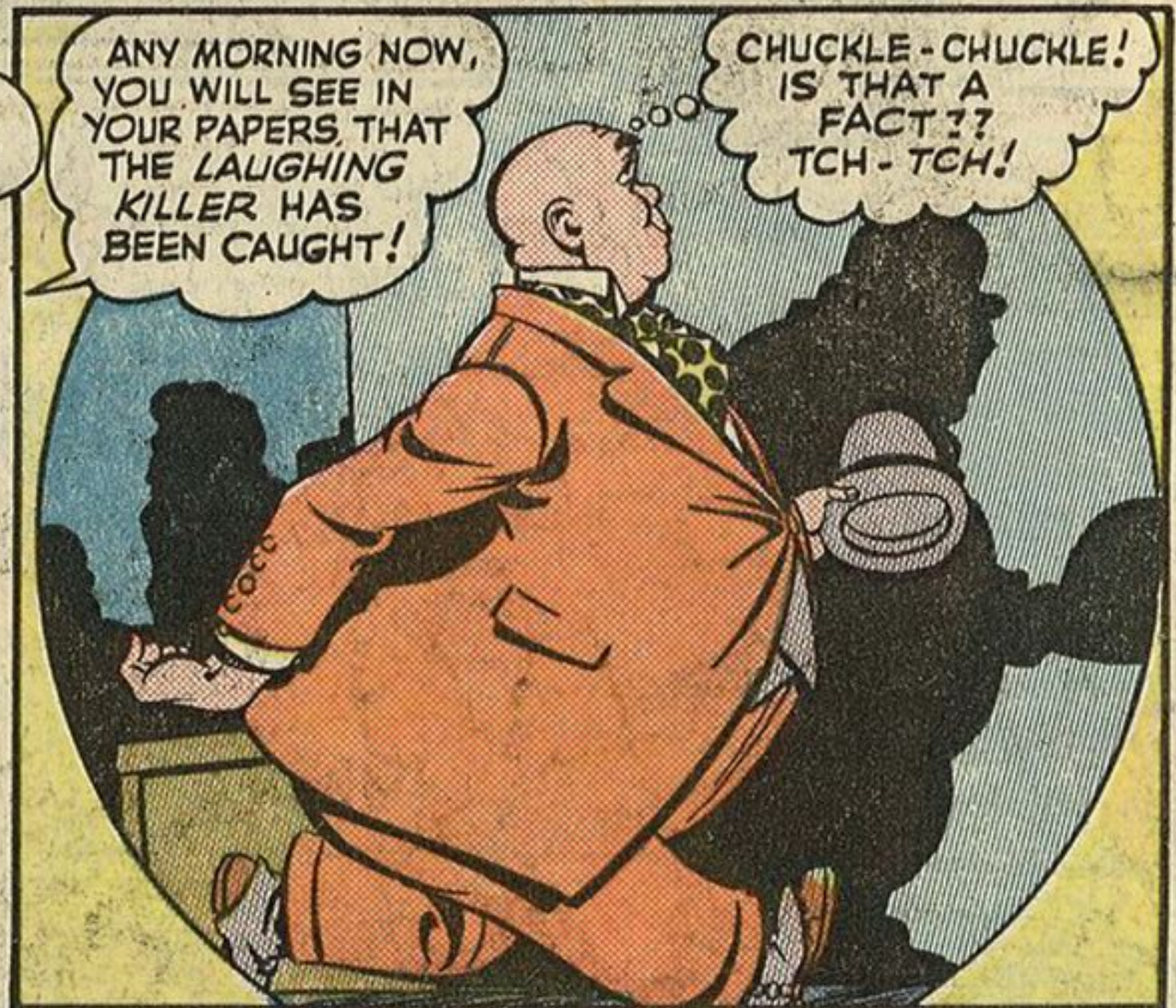
THAT'S A LOTTA BUNK! THE COPS HAVEN'T A GHOST OF AN IDEA WHO THE LAUGHING KILLER IS -- OR WHY HE KILLS!

IF THAT REWARD GETS HIGH ENOUGH, I MAY DECIDE TO NAB HIM MYSELF!

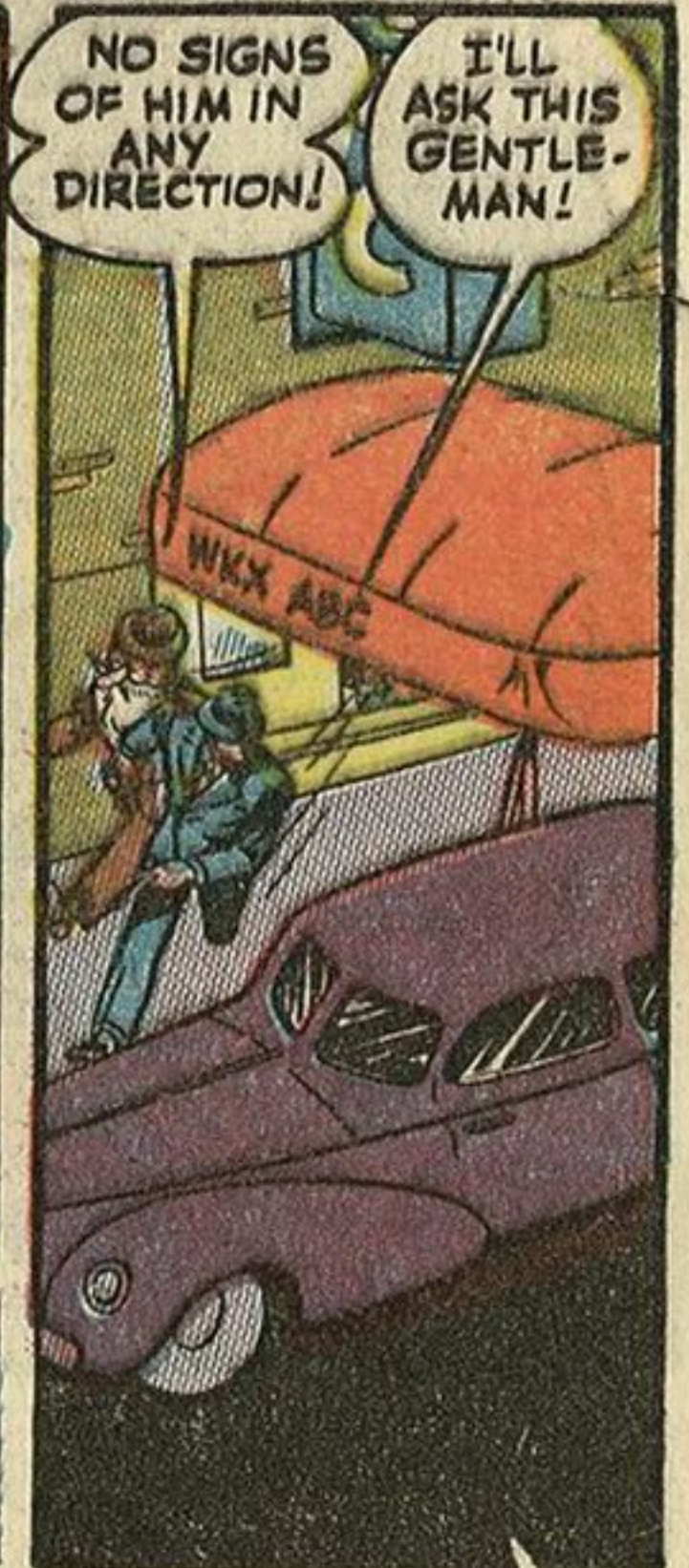
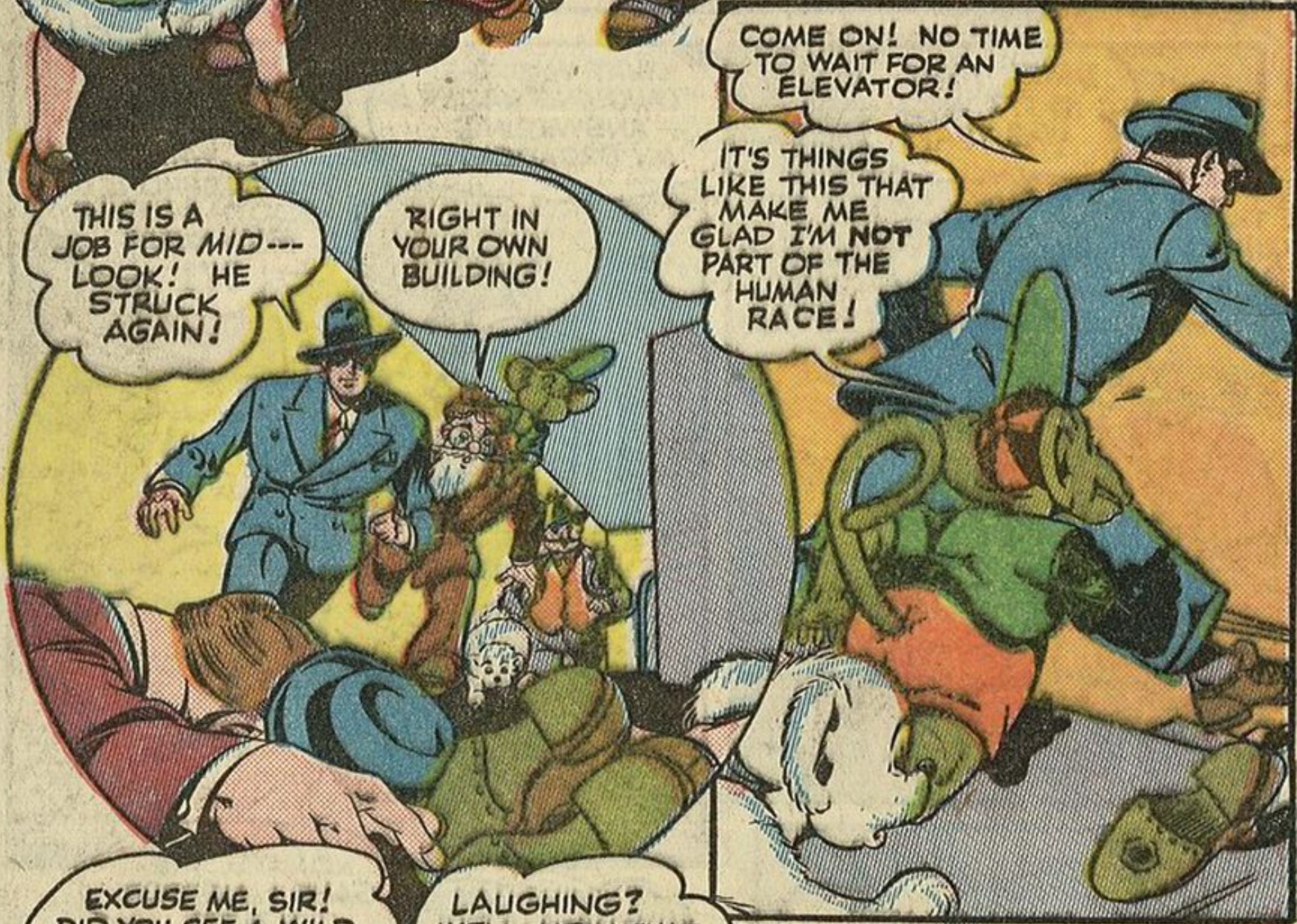


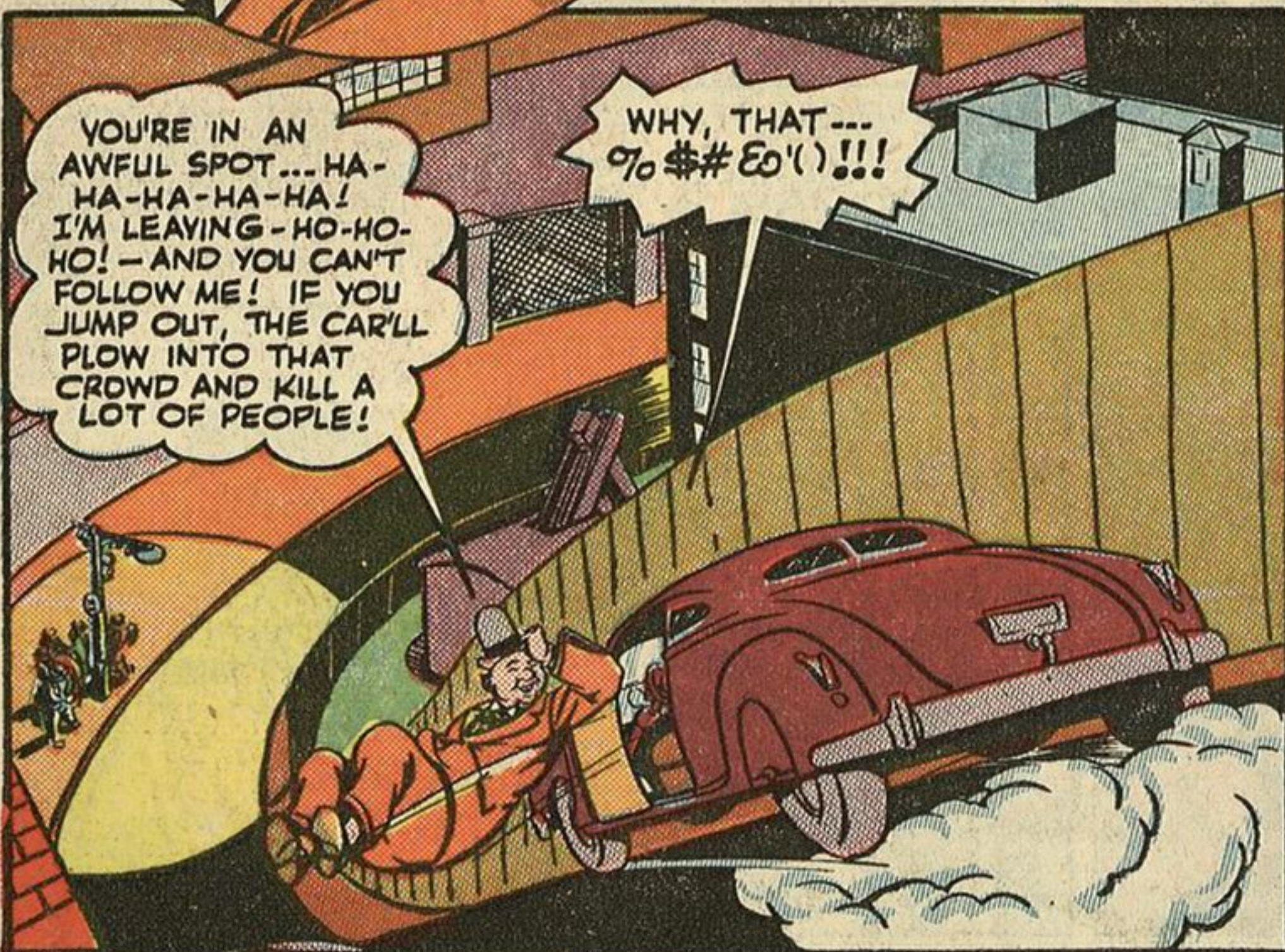
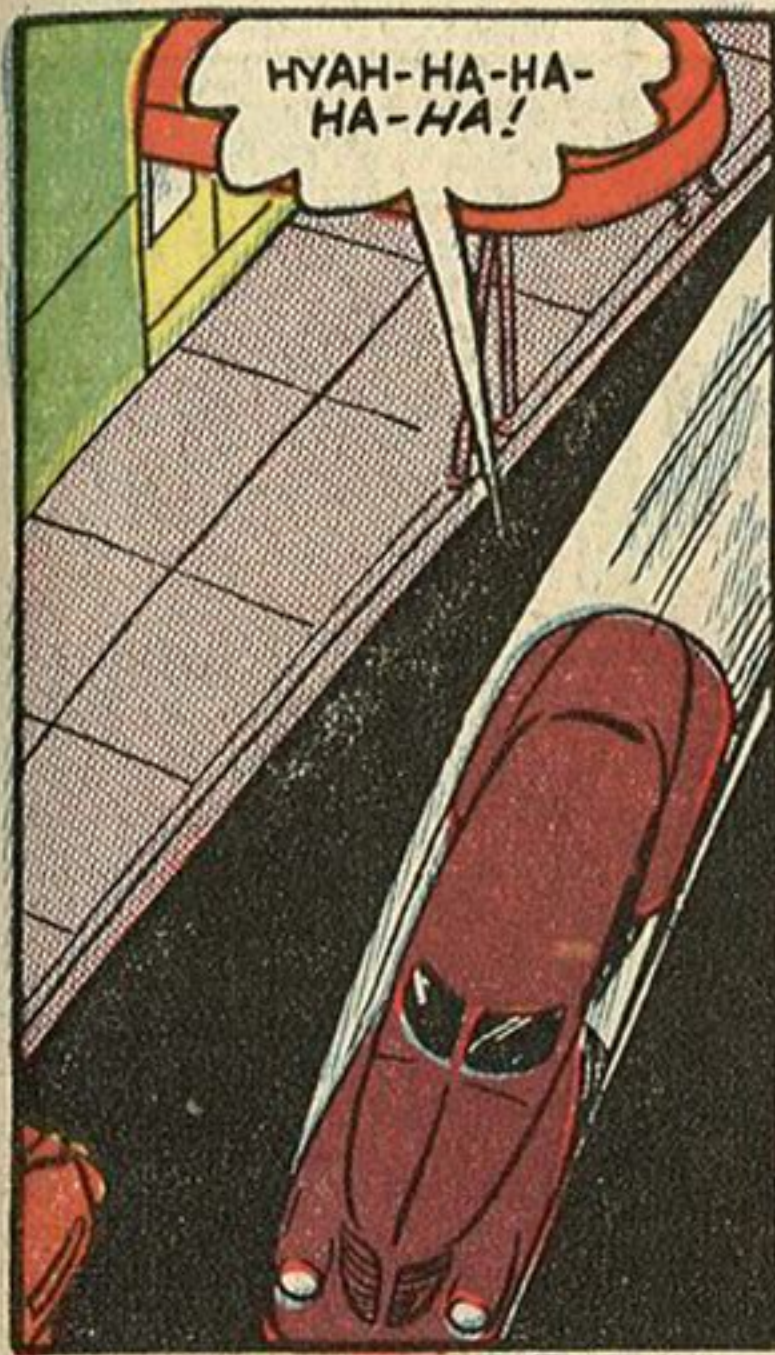


That night, at Dave Clark's broadcast...



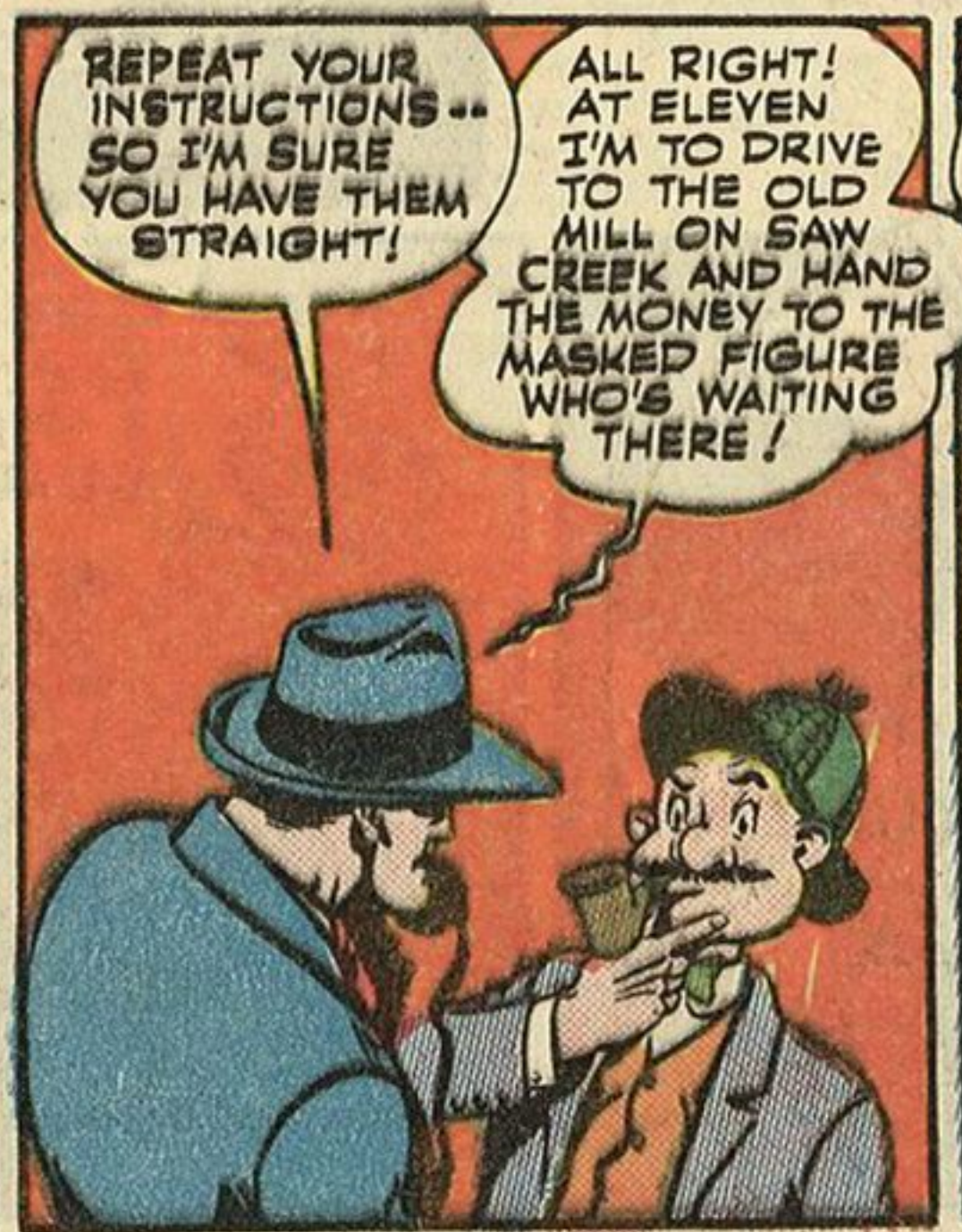








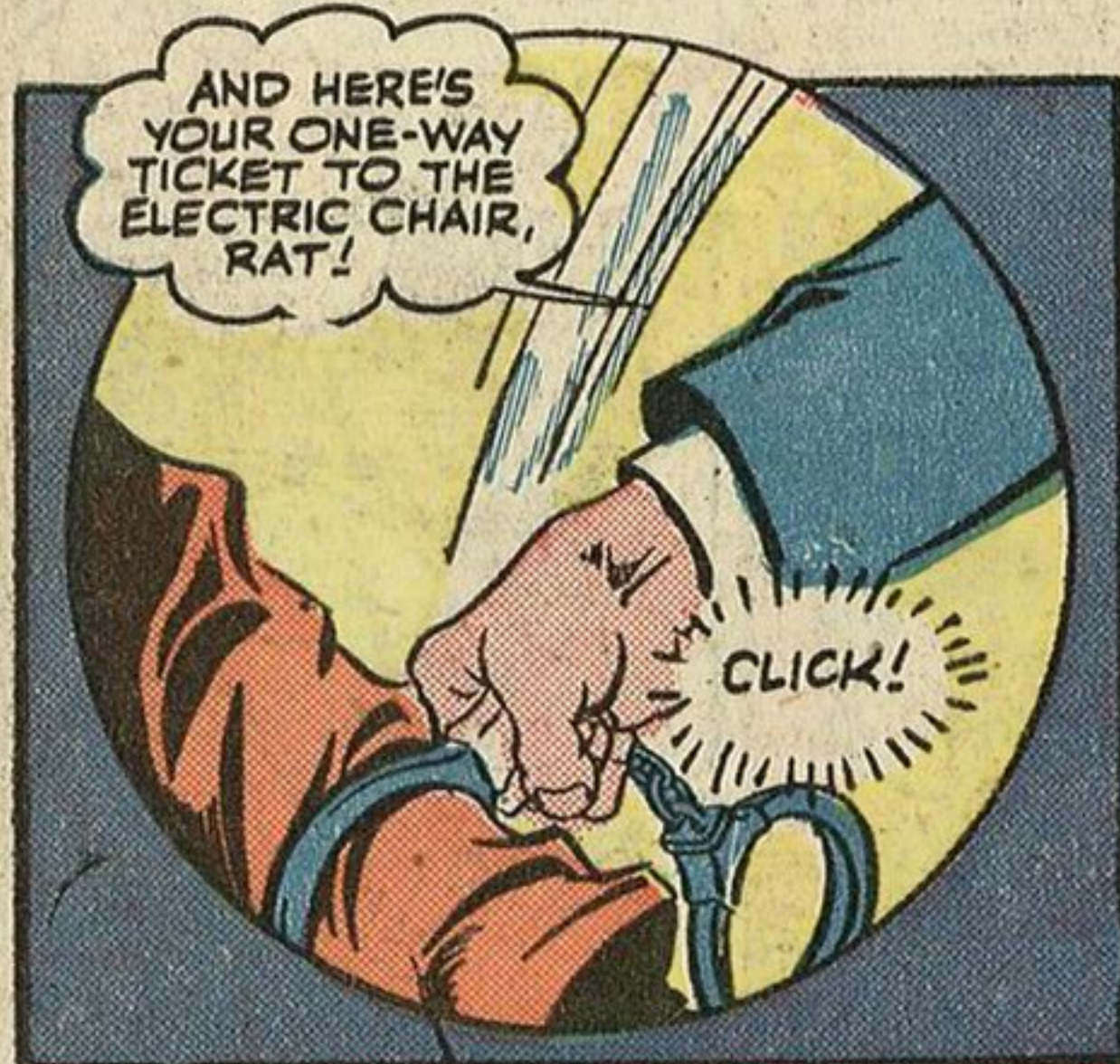
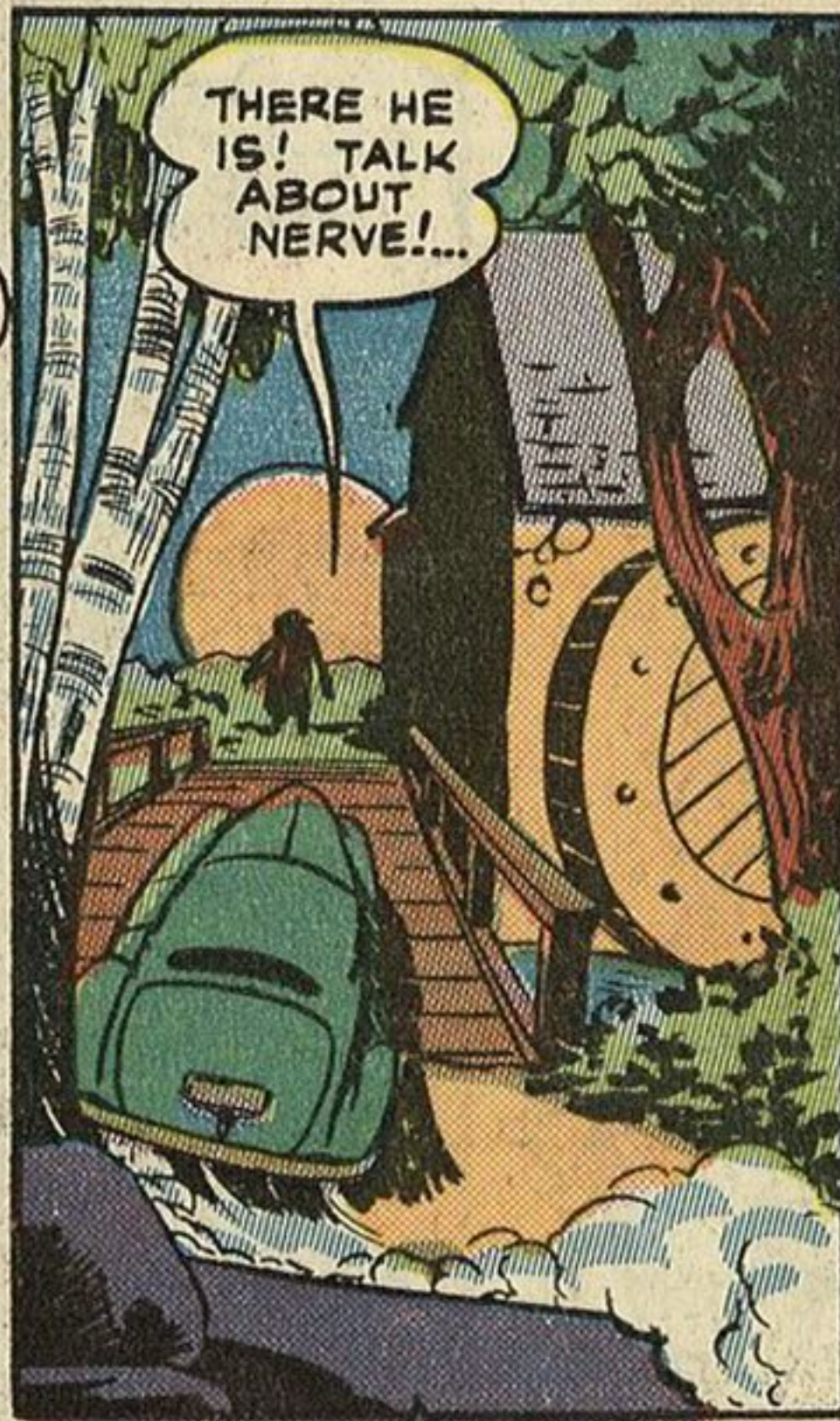
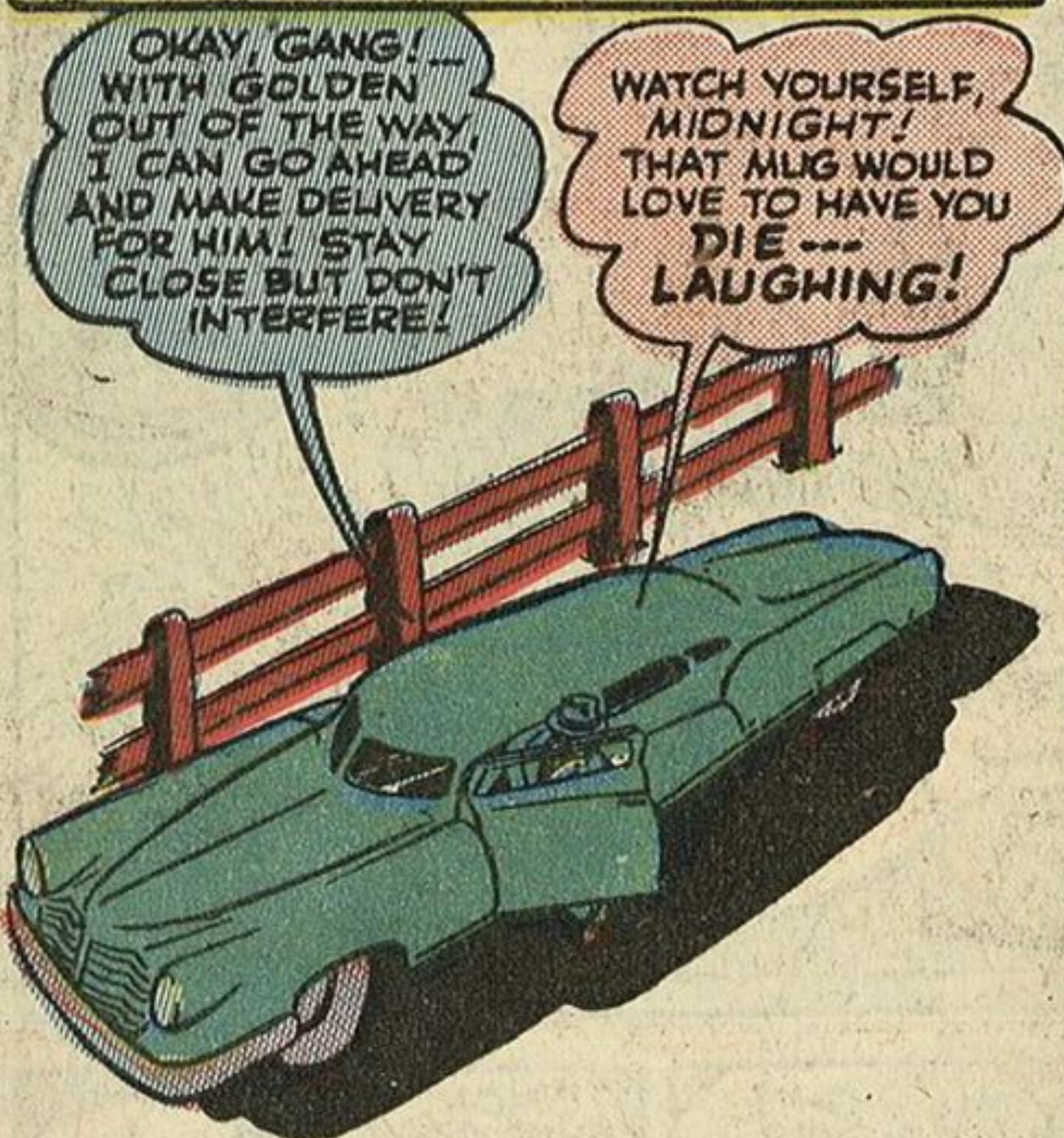
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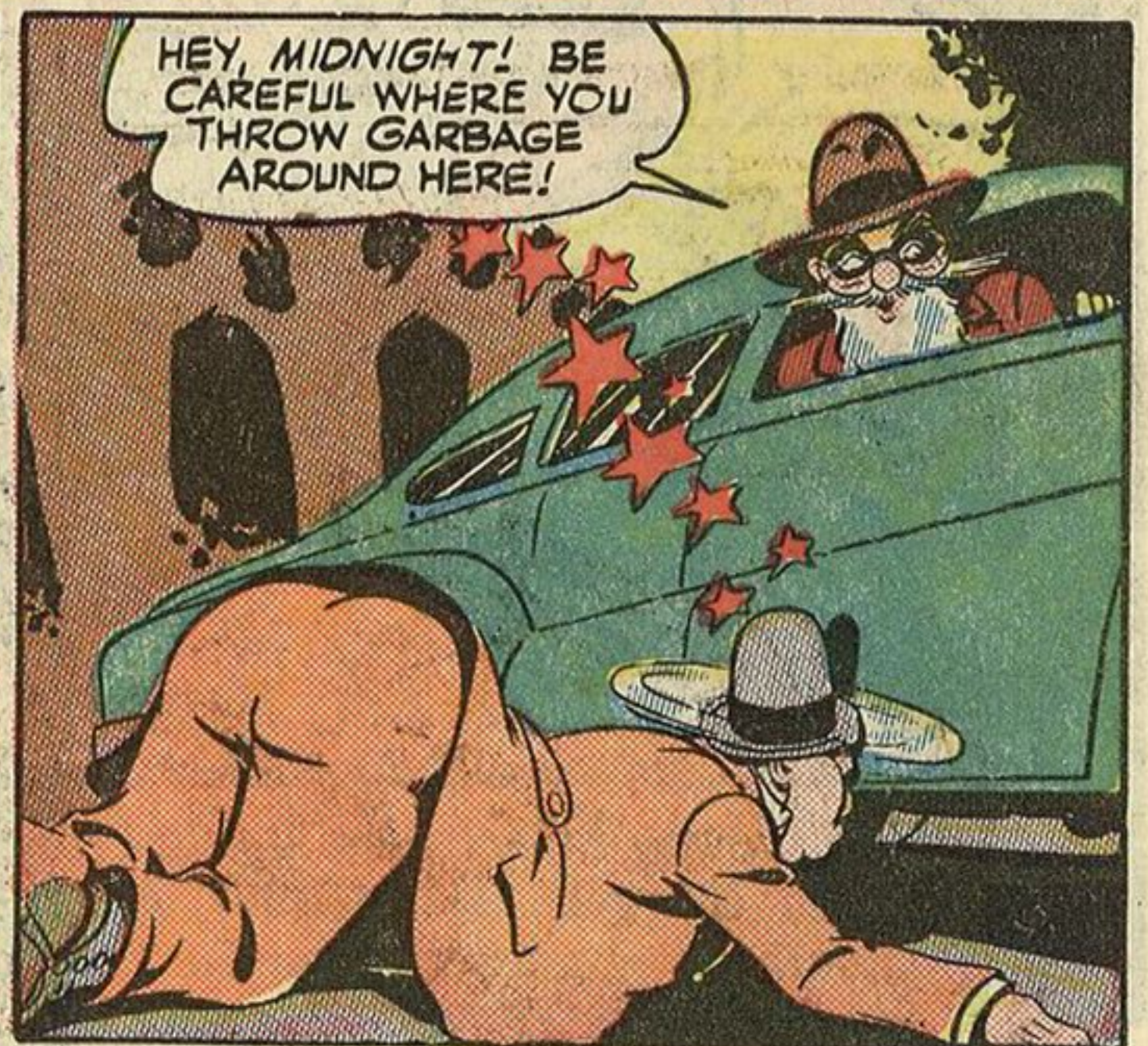


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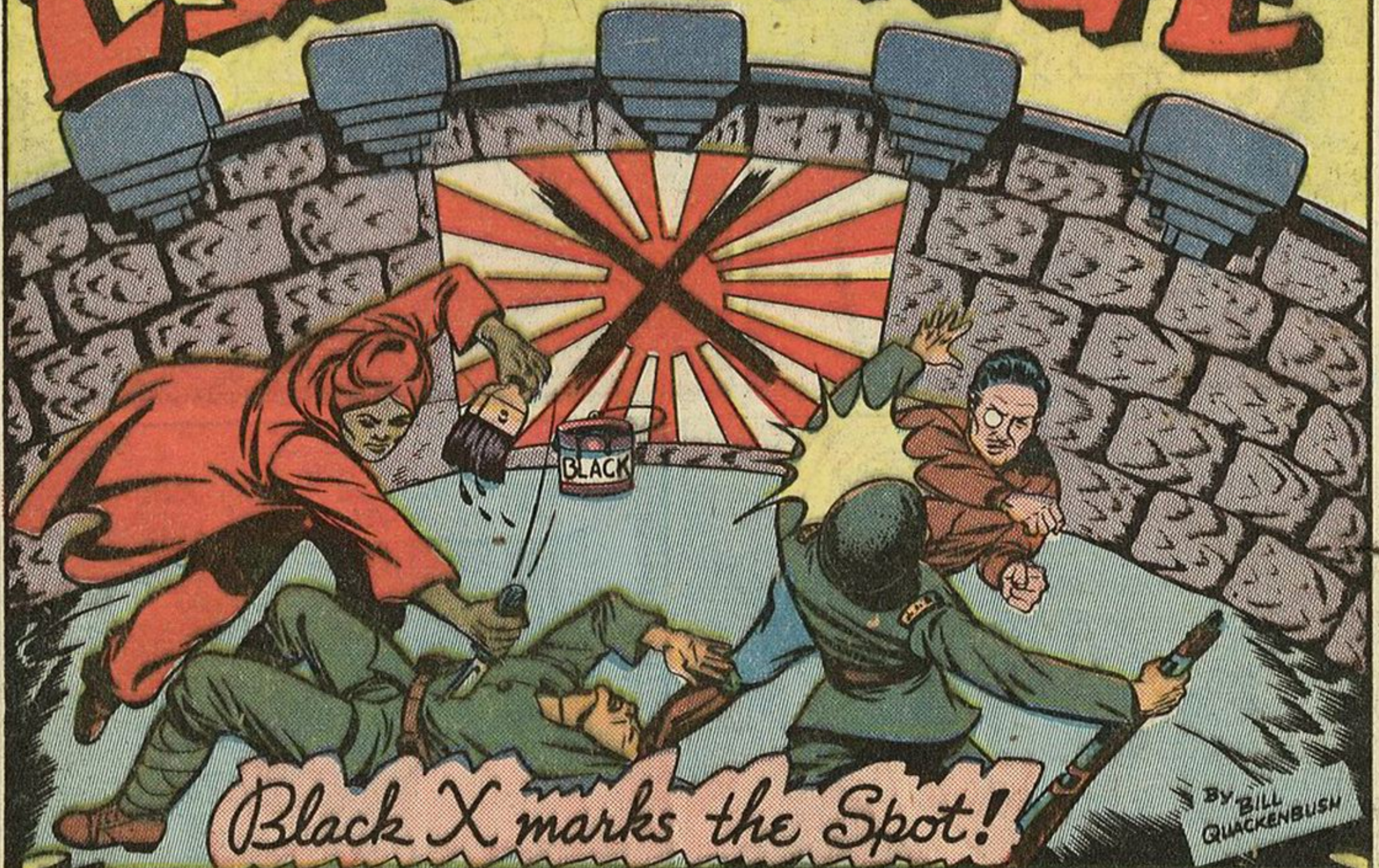


MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AHEAD...





ESPIONAGE



Allied troops belabor the battle front, driving back the hosts of Eastern tyranny.. while, **BEHIND THAT FRONT, AT THE HEART OF THE ENEMY'S DEFENSES,** Democracy's master spy strikes the blows that foretell certain defeat for **OPPRESSION!**

LET'S LOOK IN ON WHAT WAS ONCE TAOTEN, CHINA'S LOVELY "FLOWER CITY" - NOW **RAZED TO THE GROUND** AS PART OF JAPAN'S TERROR PROGRAM!...

STAY ON GUARD HERE! SEE THAT NO CIVILIAN ENTERS!

NO, HONORABLE CAPTAIN --IF CHINA MOURNS FOR TAOTEN, LET HER MOURN ELSEWHERE!

BUT THE CELLARS OF TAOTEN REMAIN --- AND WHEN NIGHT FALLS, DARK FIGURES EMERGE!

QUICK! LET THE OTHERS FOLLOW! THEN ---

YOU RUIN OUR CITY, FOREIGN DEVILS! WE RUIN YOU!





HELP! SENTRIES
ATTACKED BY GUERRILLAS!
TURN OUT THE GUARD!



THE RELIEF PARTY IS
TOO MANY FOR US!
RETREAT TO THE
CELLARS!



THEY'RE
GETTING
AWAY FROM
THE RUINS!

BUT THIS ONE
STAYED TO
COVER THE
RETREAT!
HE'S OUR
PRISONER!



PULL OFF THAT CLOAK!
LET US SEE HOW
HE LOOKS!



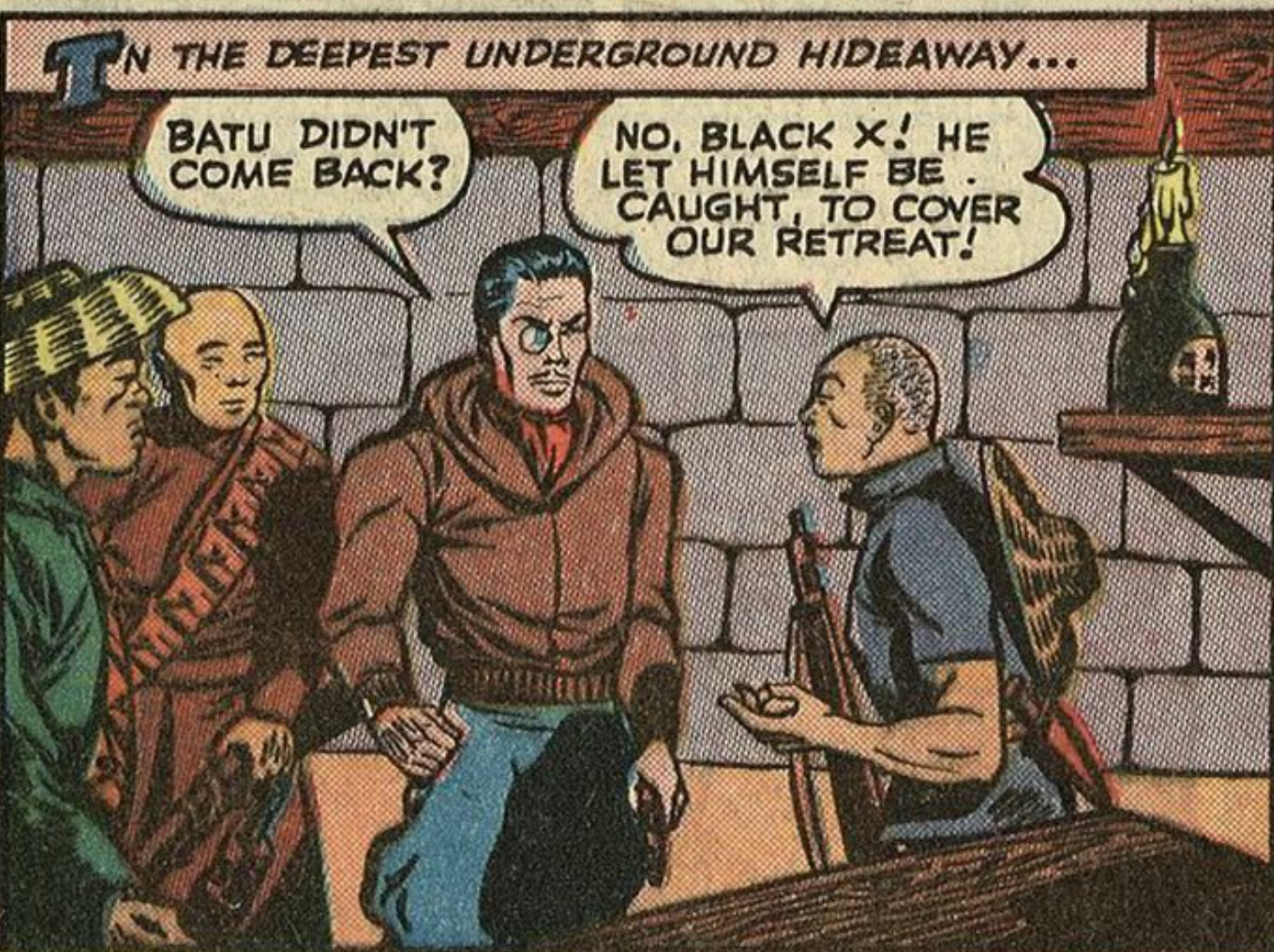
I KNOW
HIM! HIS
NAME IS
BATU!

YES -- THE
HENCHMAN OF
BLACK X,
THE ALLIED
**MASTER
SPY!**



YOUR MASTER
IS HERE?...
TELL US
WHERE --
OR THE
TORTURE!

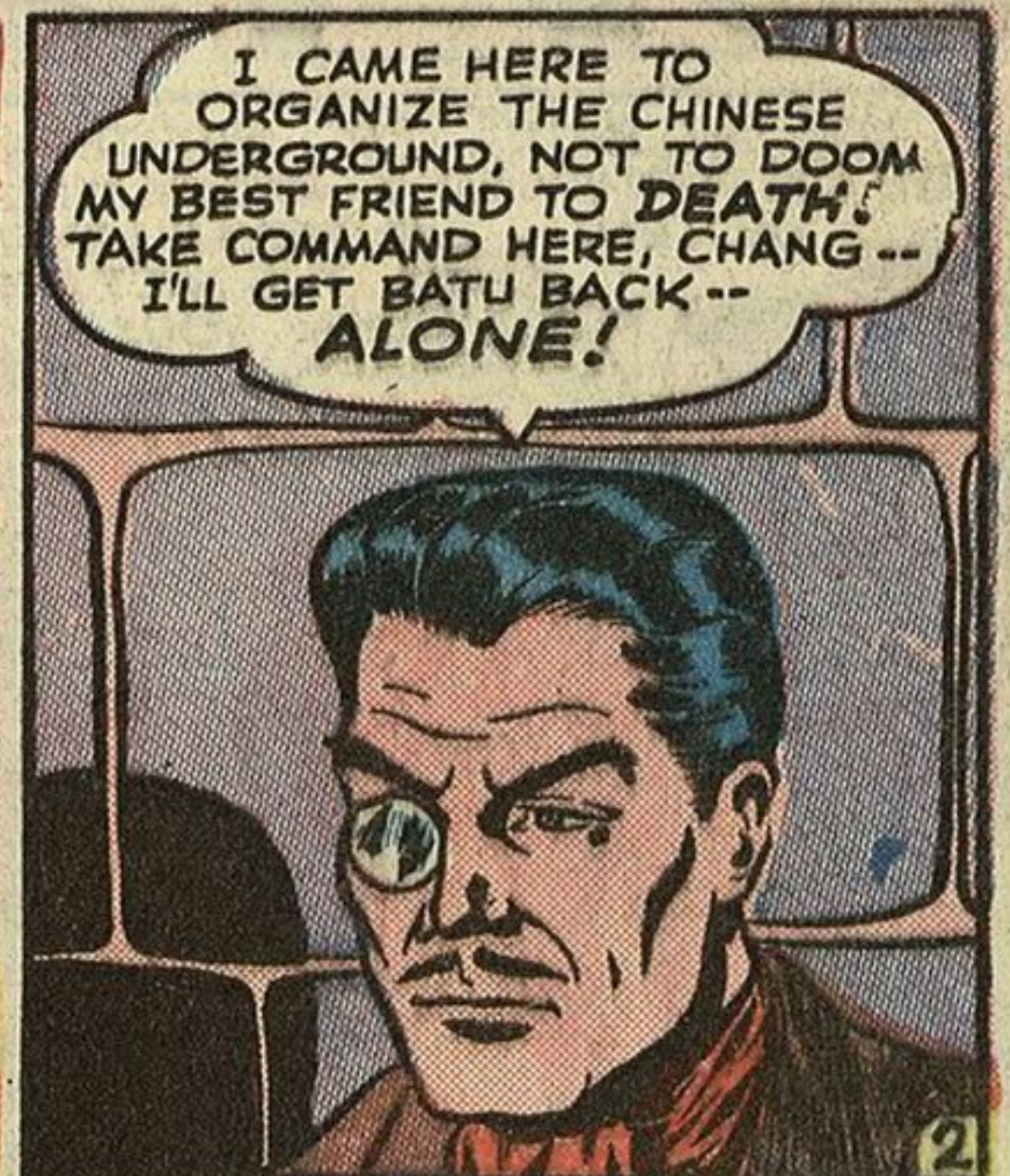
I DON'T
SOIL MY
TONGUE BY
TALKING
TO YOU!



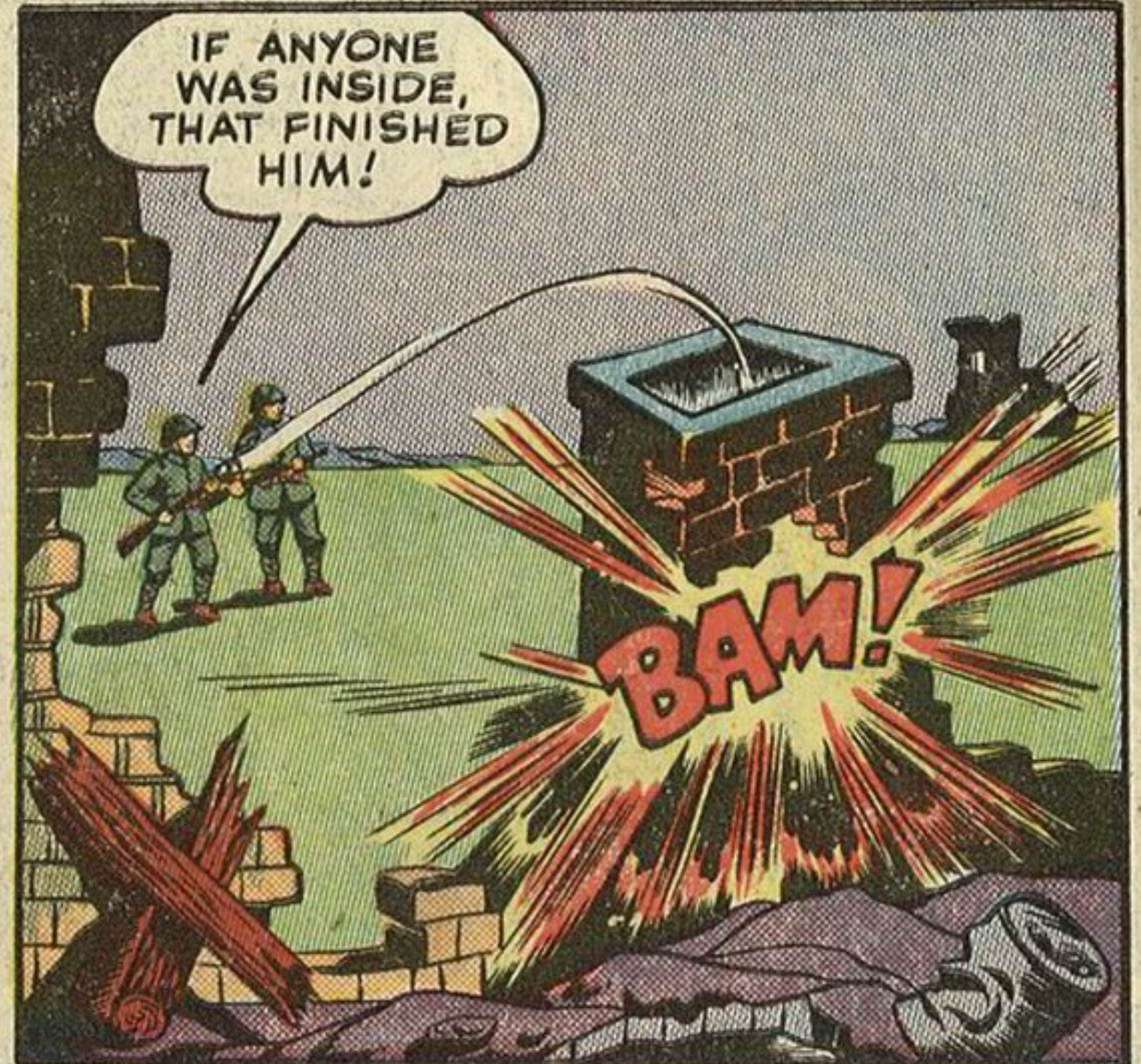
IN THE DEEPEST UNDERGROUND HIDEAWAY...

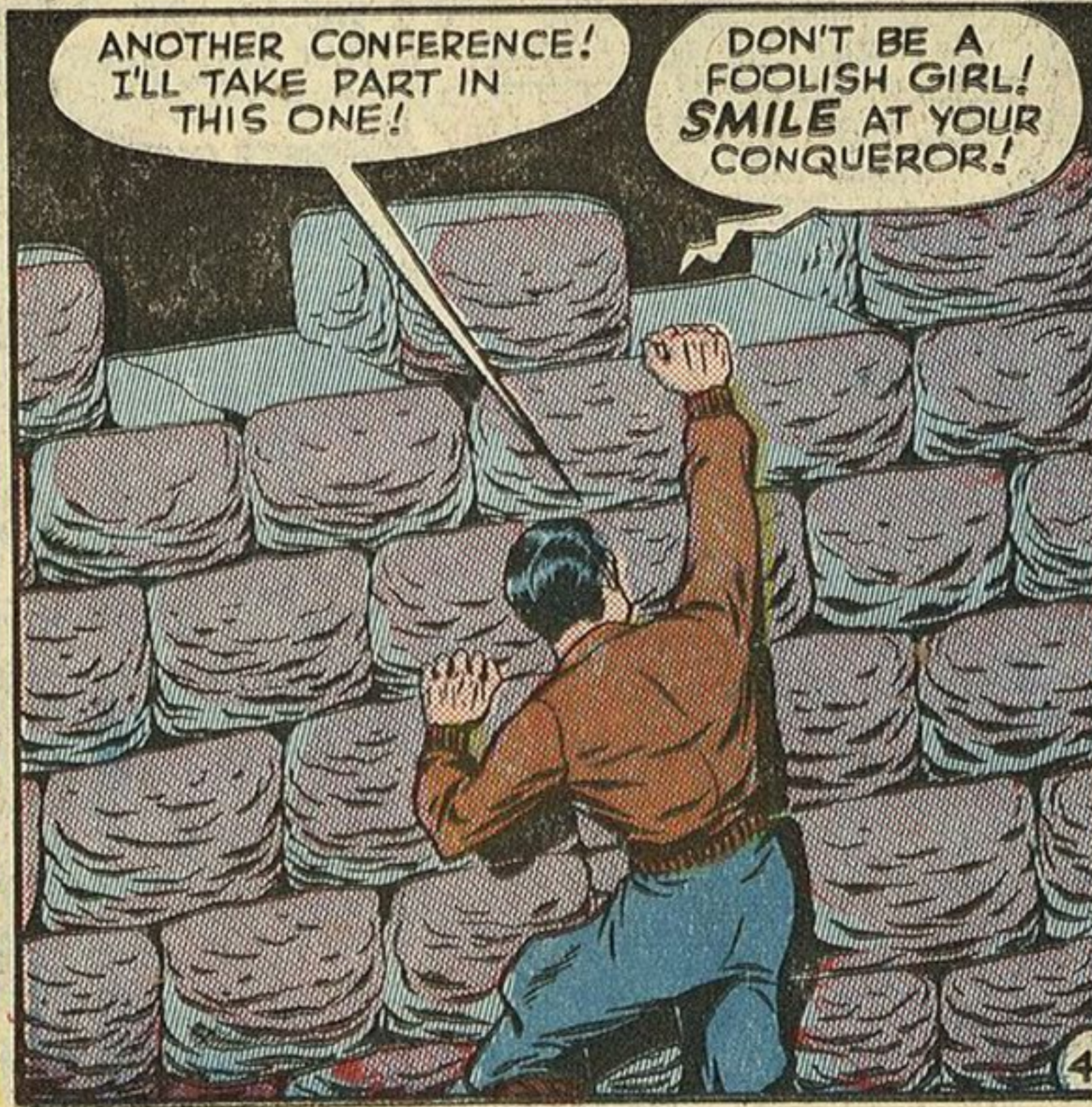
BATU DIDN'T
COME BACK?

NO, BLACK X! HE
LET HIMSELF BE
CAUGHT, TO COVER
OUR RETREAT!



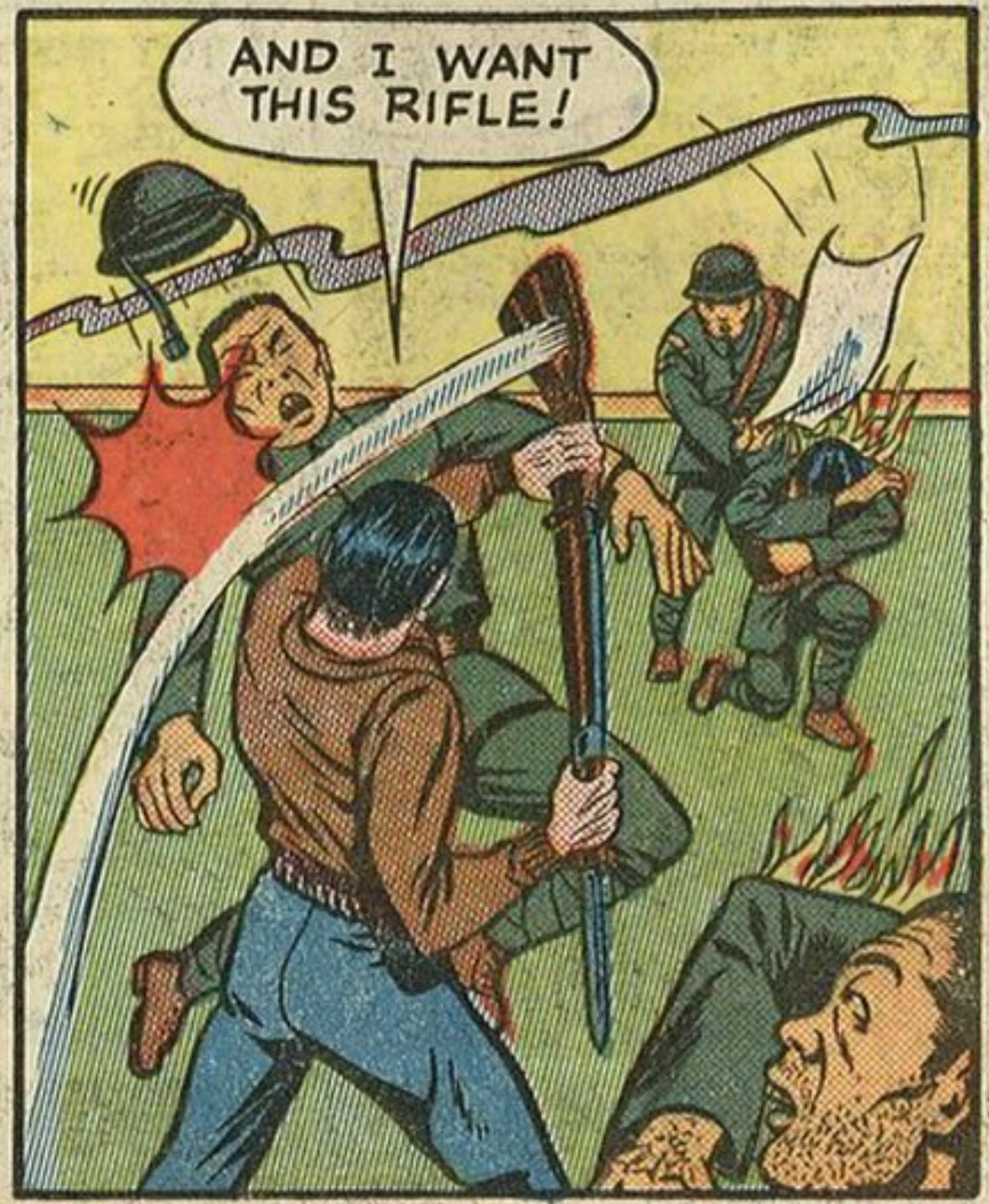
I CAME HERE TO
ORGANIZE THE CHINESE
UNDERGROUND, NOT TO DOOM
MY BEST FRIEND TO **DEATH!**
TAKE COMMAND HERE, CHANG --
I'LL GET BATU BACK --
ALONE!

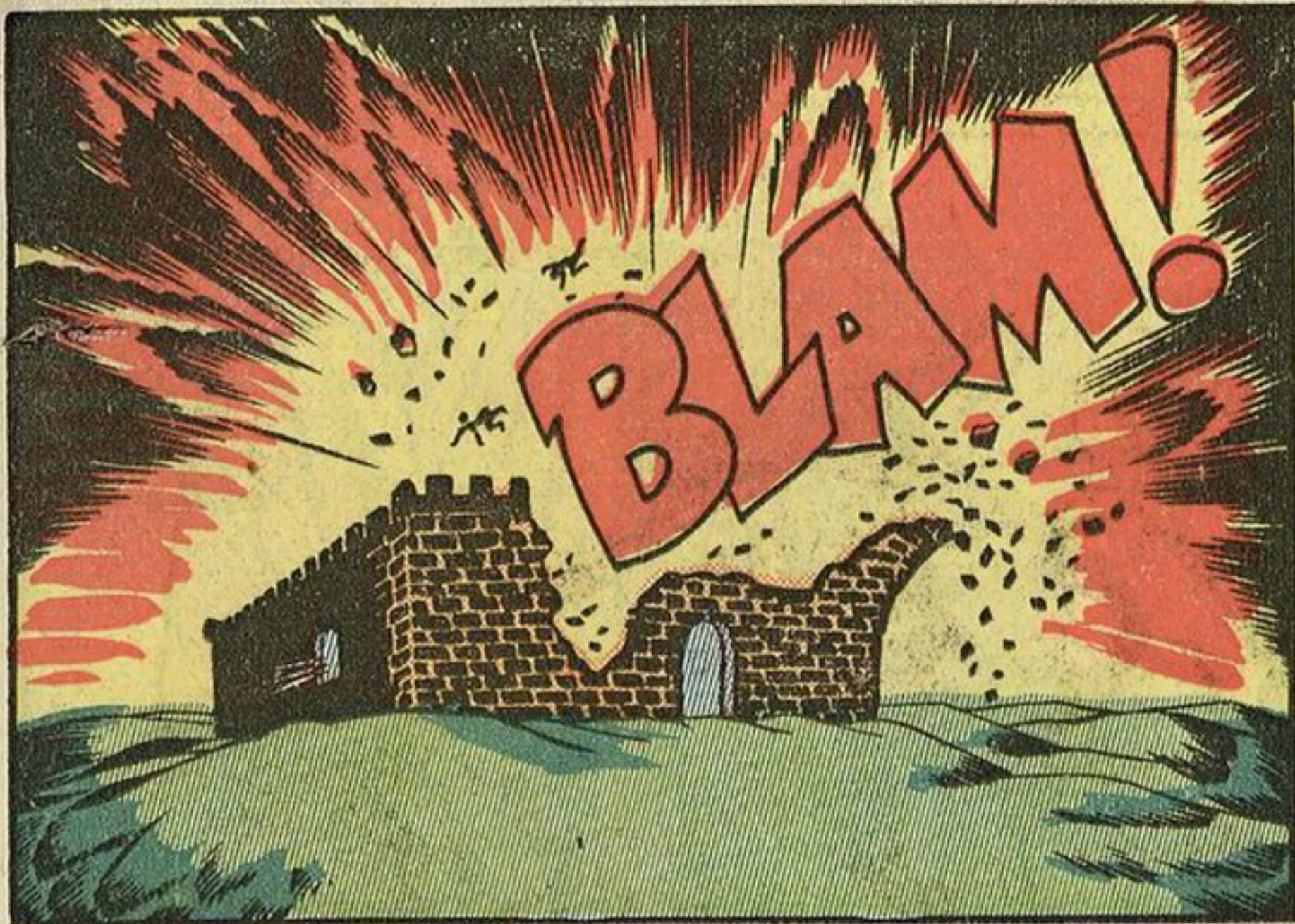








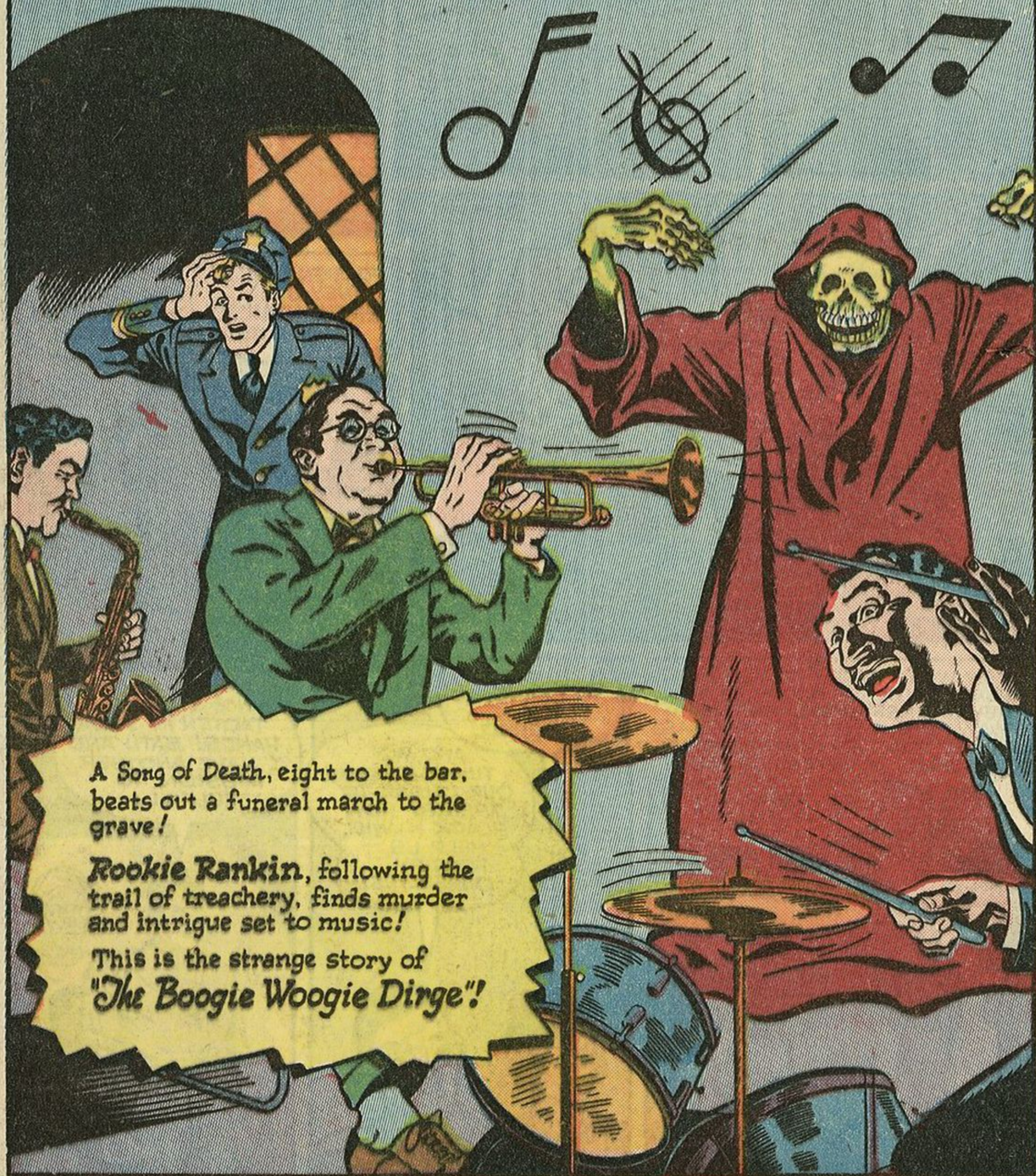




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Rookie RANKIN

and "*The Boogie Woogie Dirge*"

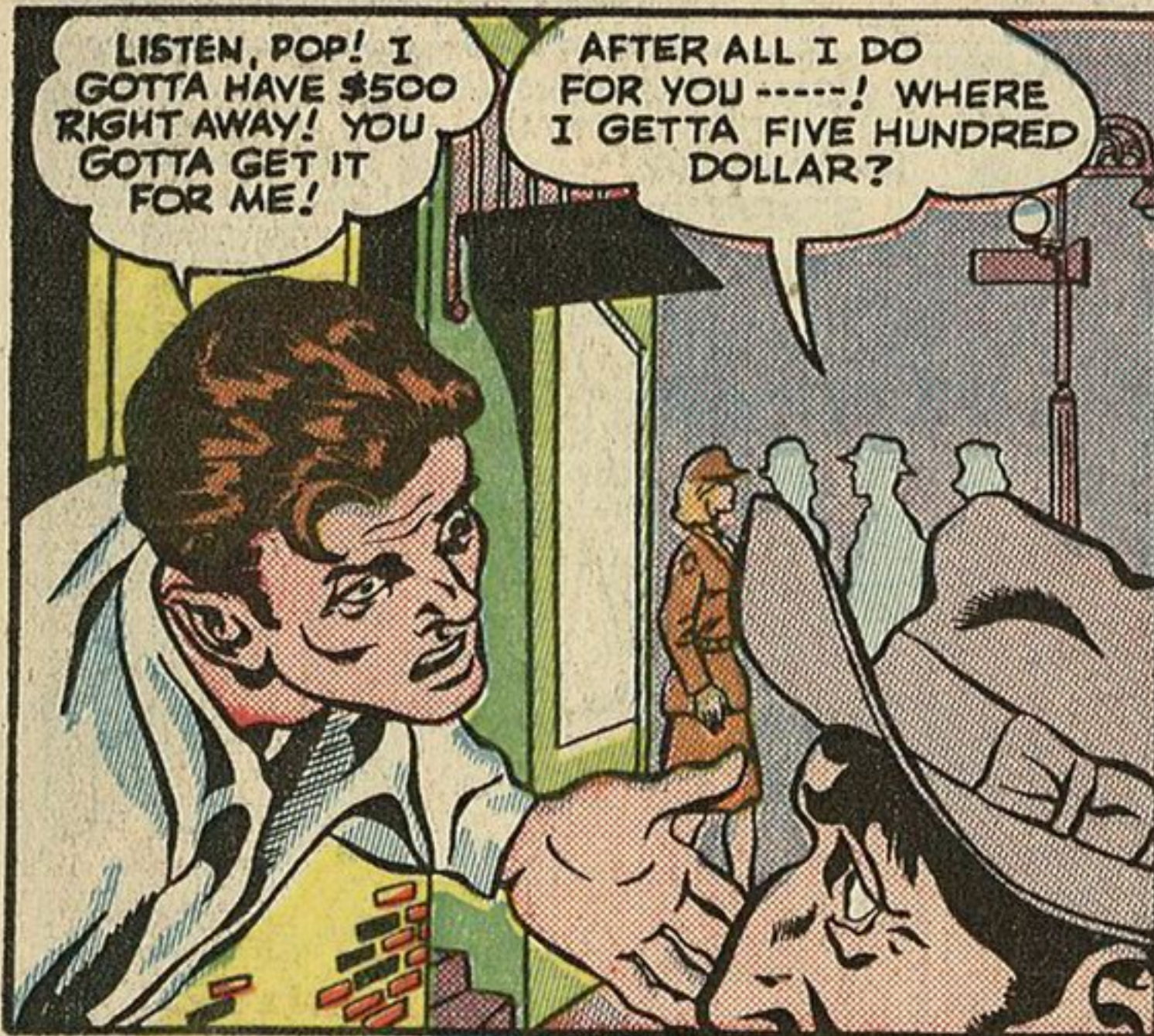
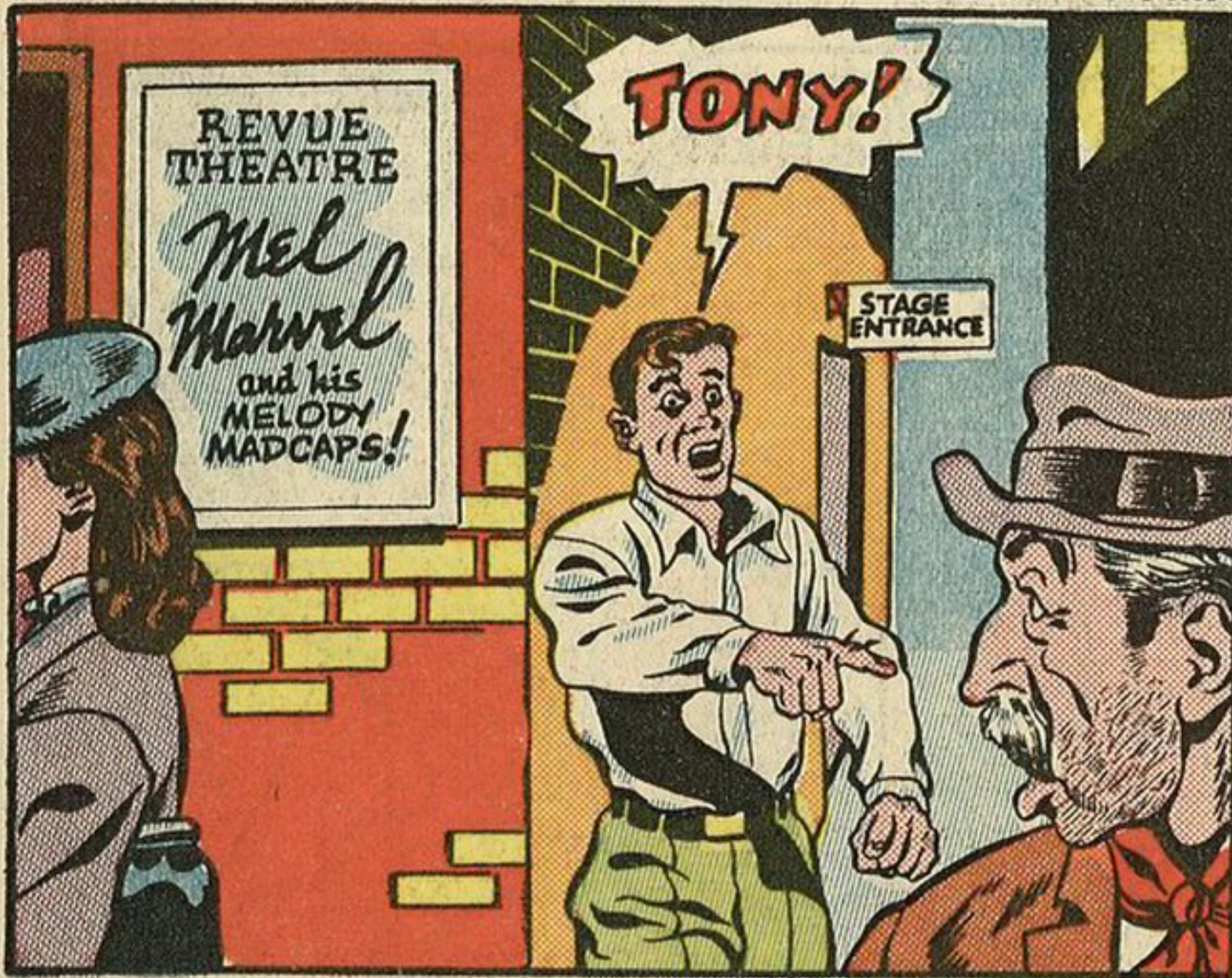


A Song of Death, eight to the bar, beats out a funeral march to the grave!

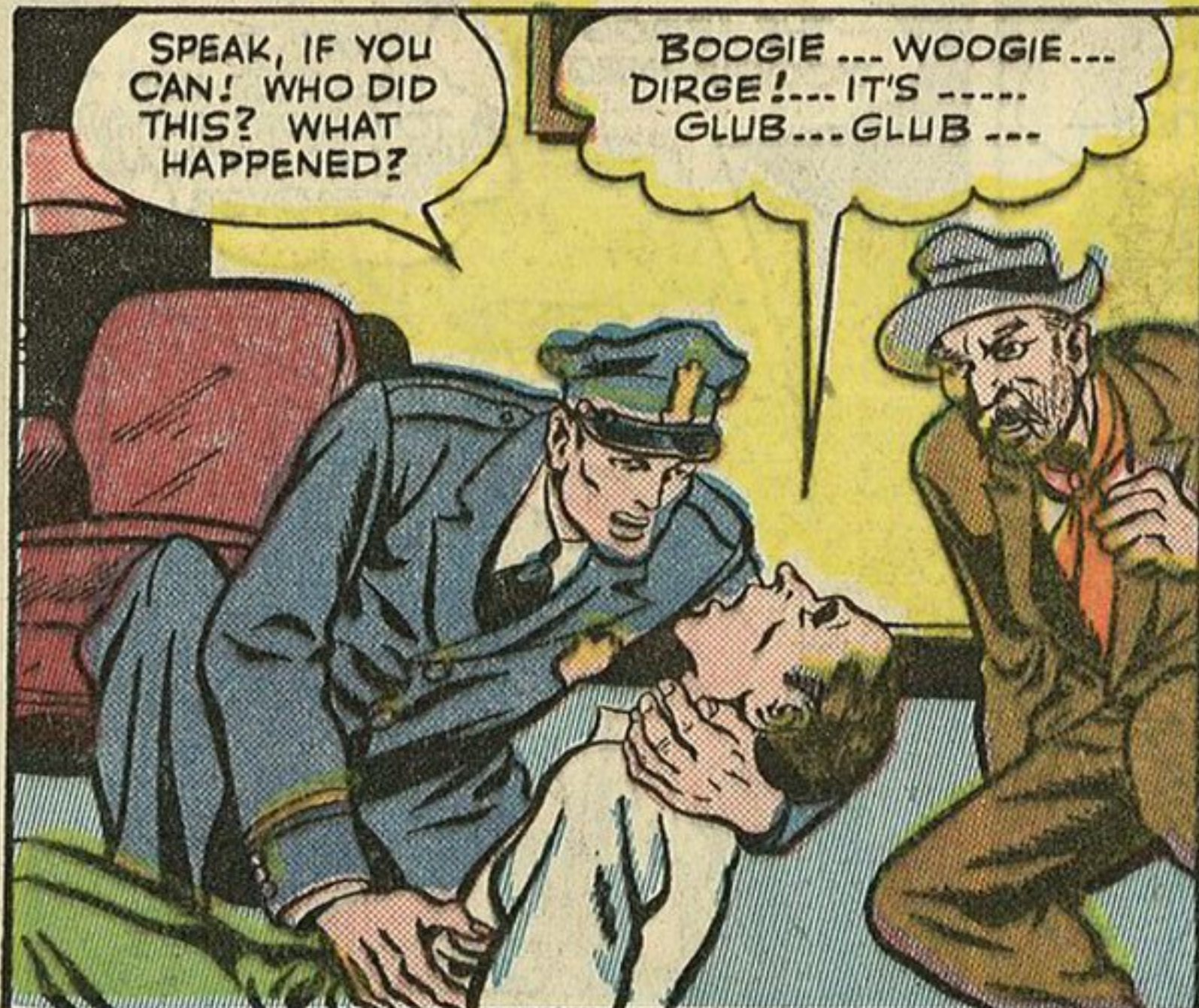
Rookie Rankin, following the trail of treachery, finds murder and intrigue set to music!

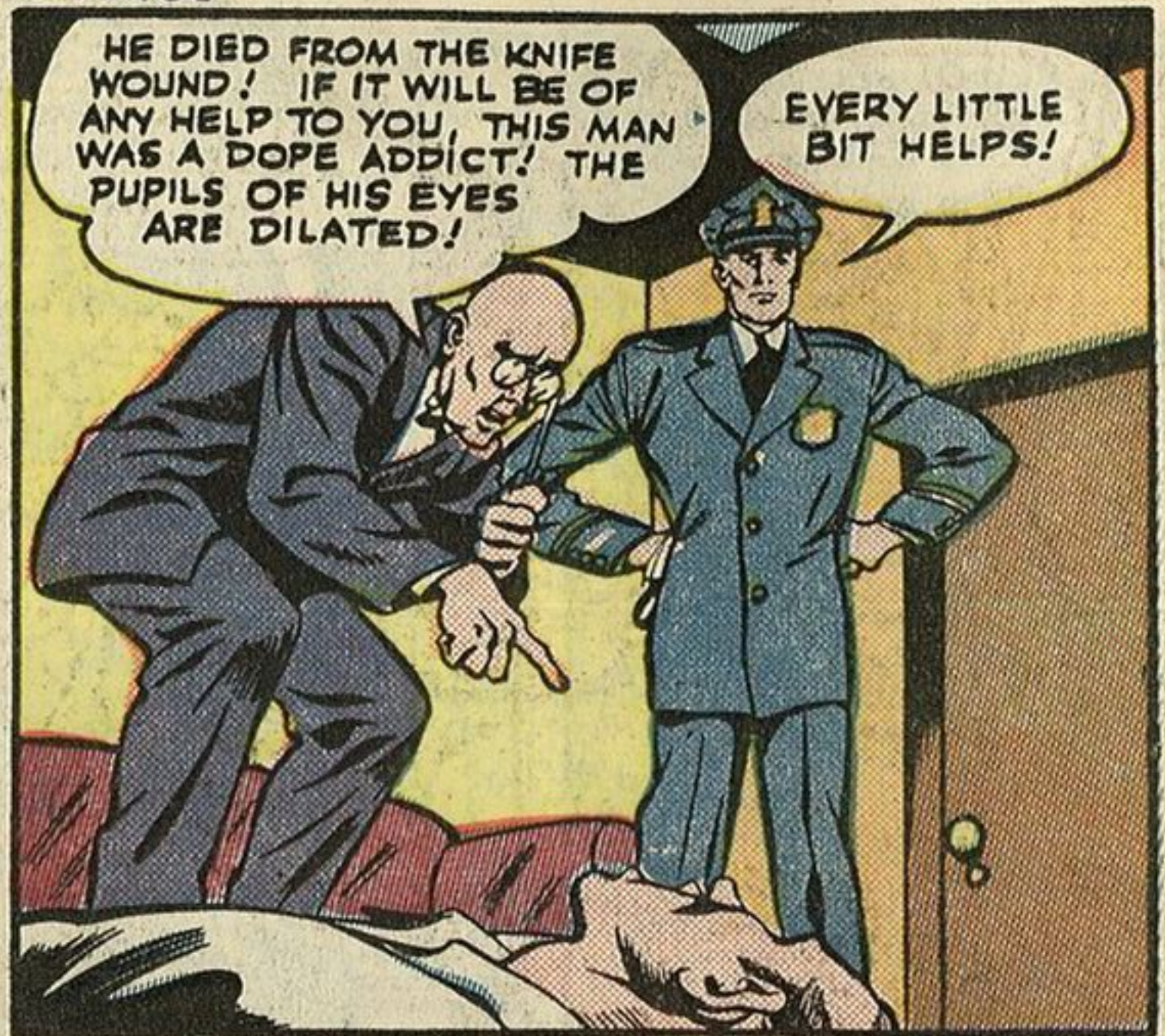
This is the strange story of "*The Boogie Woogie Dirge*!"





SMASH COMICS





SMASH COMICS



OKAY!...
GET SET!



STILL HERE, TONY?...
BUT THEN, I GUESS THEY
WON'T LET YOU
LEAVE, EH?

NO,
MEESTER
RANKIN!



THAT'S WEIRD MUSIC, TONY!
HIS OWN COMPOSITION,
HE SAID! WHAT
WAS THE NAME
OF IT?

"BOOGIE
WOOGIE
DIRGE"!



WHAT?! ... WHY AM
I WASTING TIME? I'D
BETTER HAVE A LOOK
IN MARVEL'S DRESSING
ROOM!



DOPE! HMMM!
GUS GETTI WAS A
DOPE ADDICT! ... BUT
IF MARVEL KILLED
HIM, WHAT WAS
THE MOTIVE?

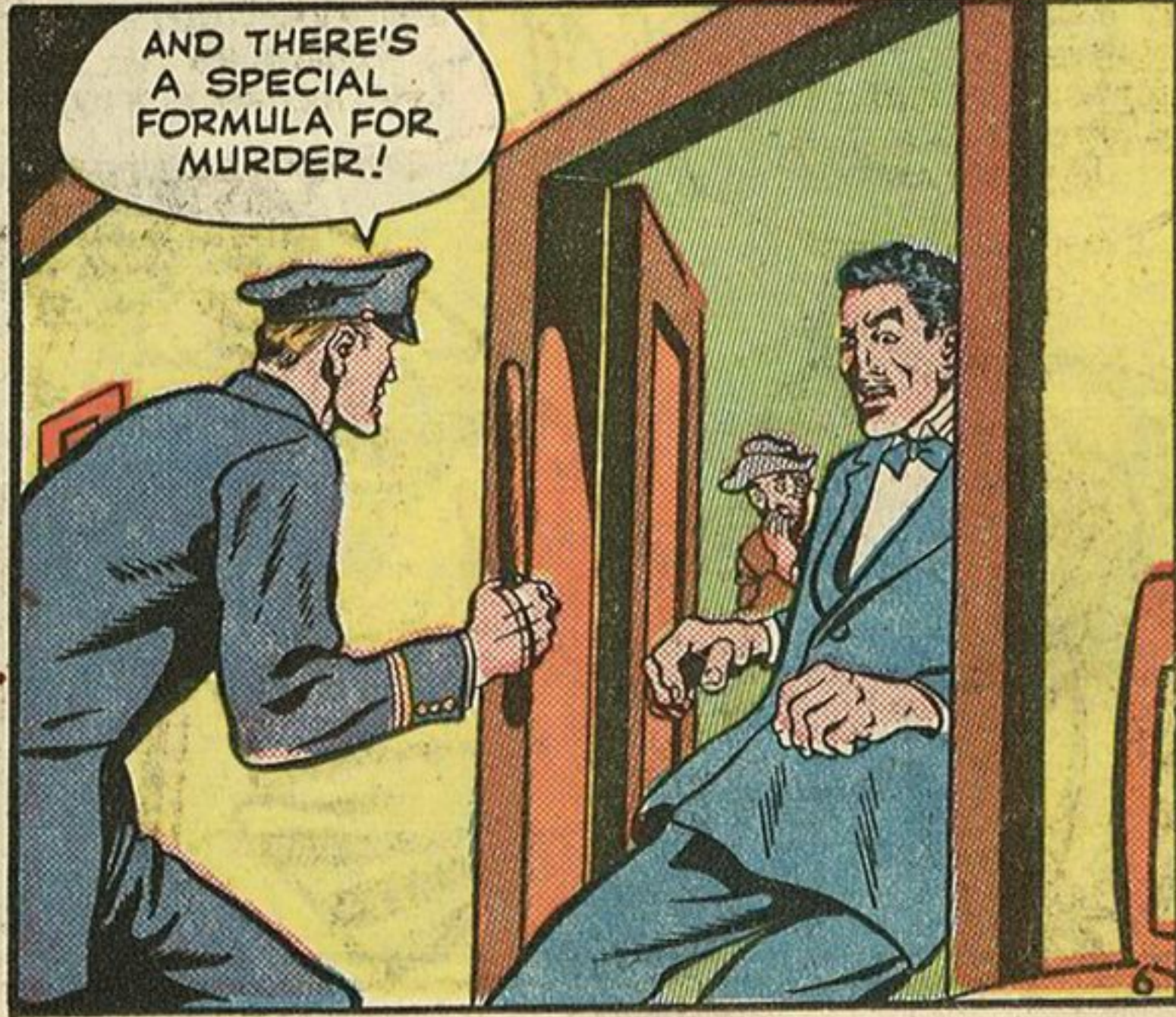


THIS LOOKS LIKE
THE ANSWER! AN
I.O.U. FOR \$500 ...
SIGNED BY
GUS GETTI!

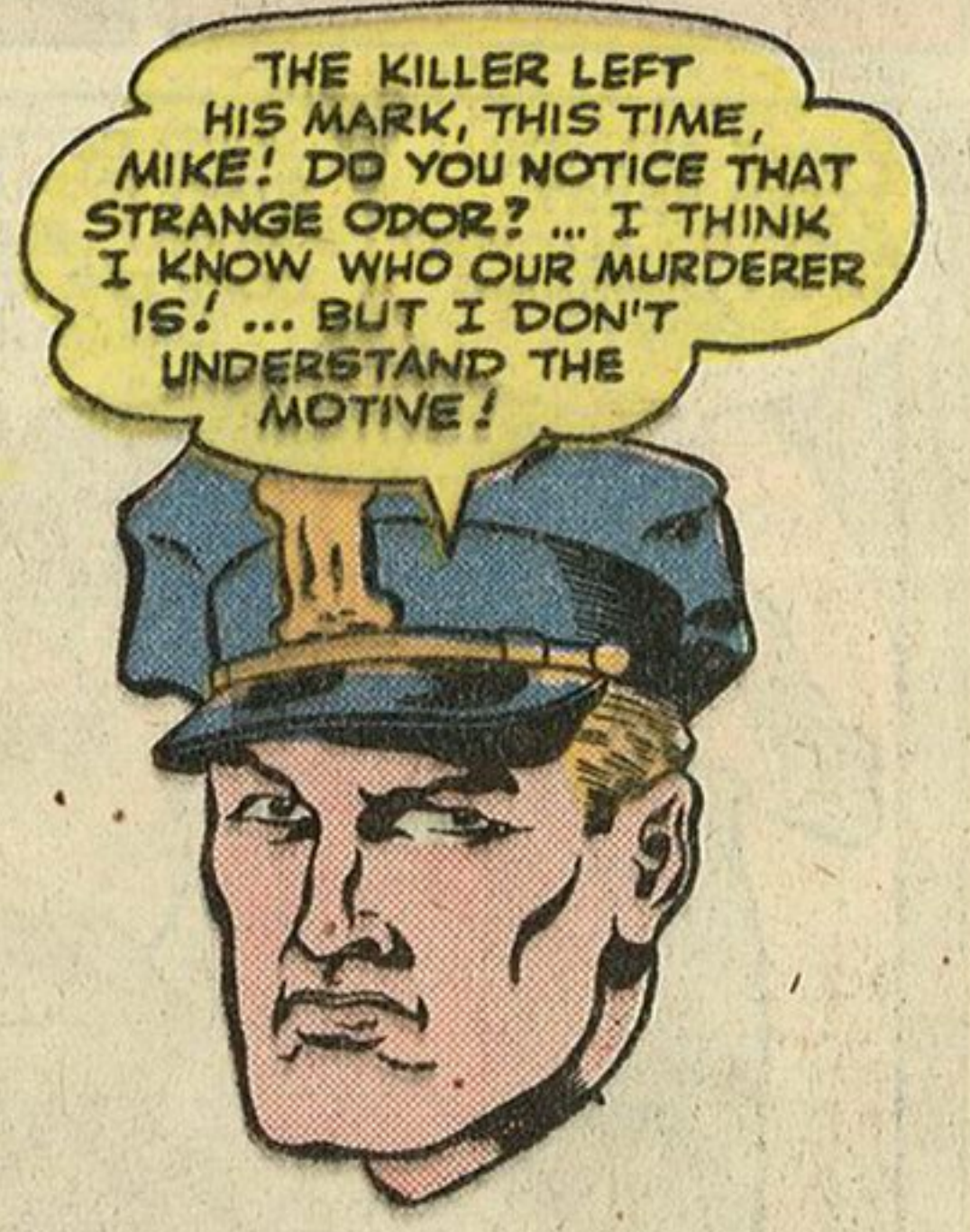


WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE? ...
NOBODY'S ALLOWED
IN MY DRESSING
ROOM!

YOU'D BETTER
START EXPLAINING,
MARVEL! PEDDLING
DOPE IS A FEDERAL
OFFENSE!

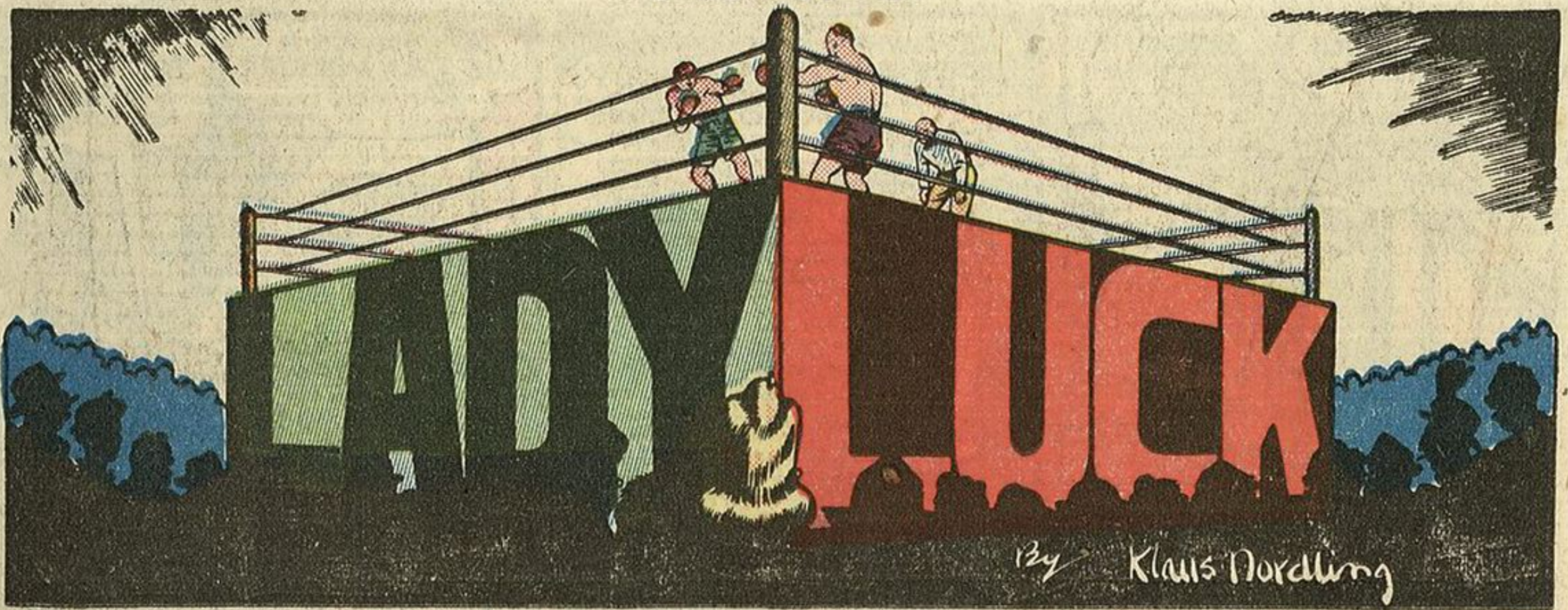


AND THERE'S
A SPECIAL
FORMULA FOR
MURDER!

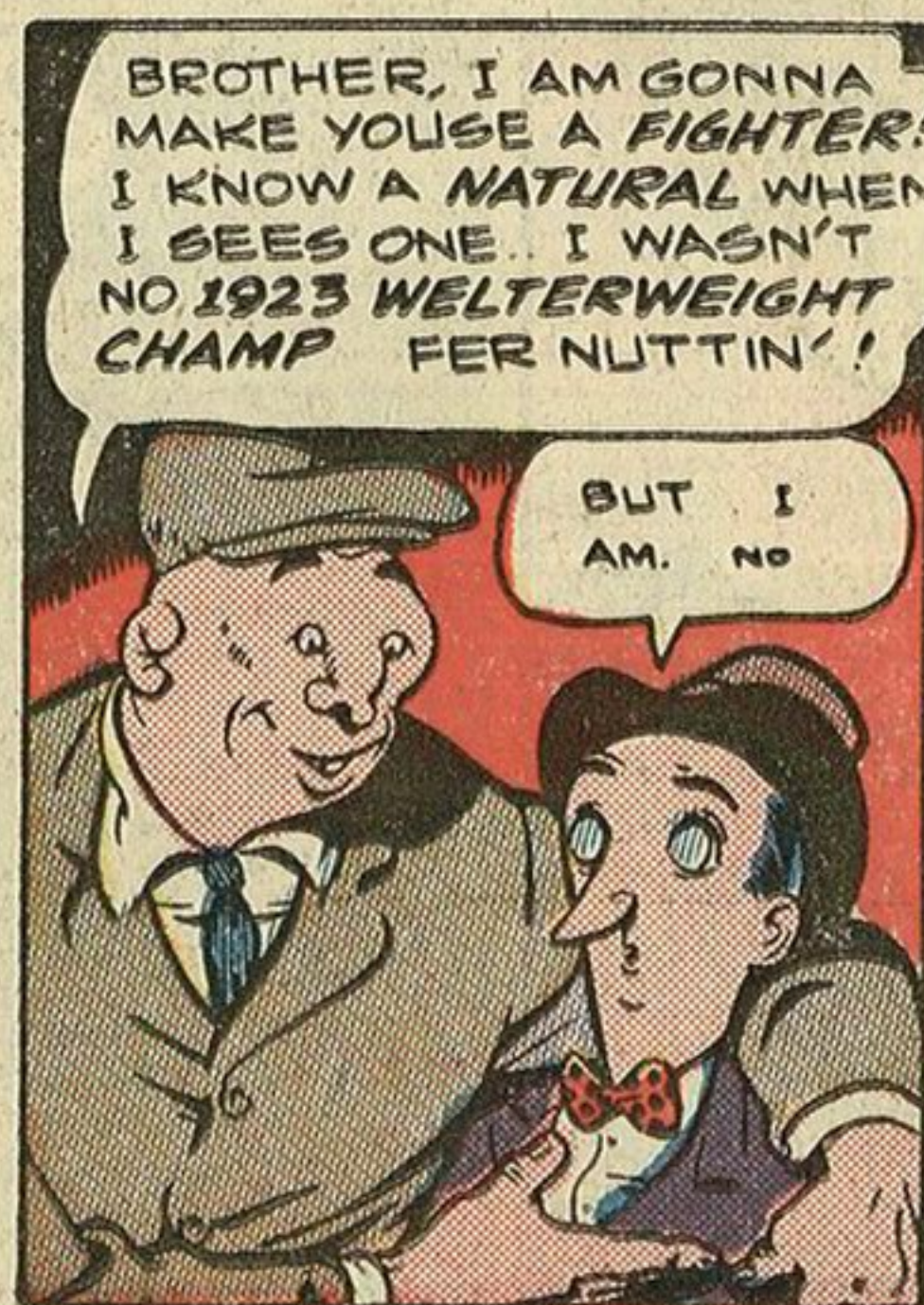


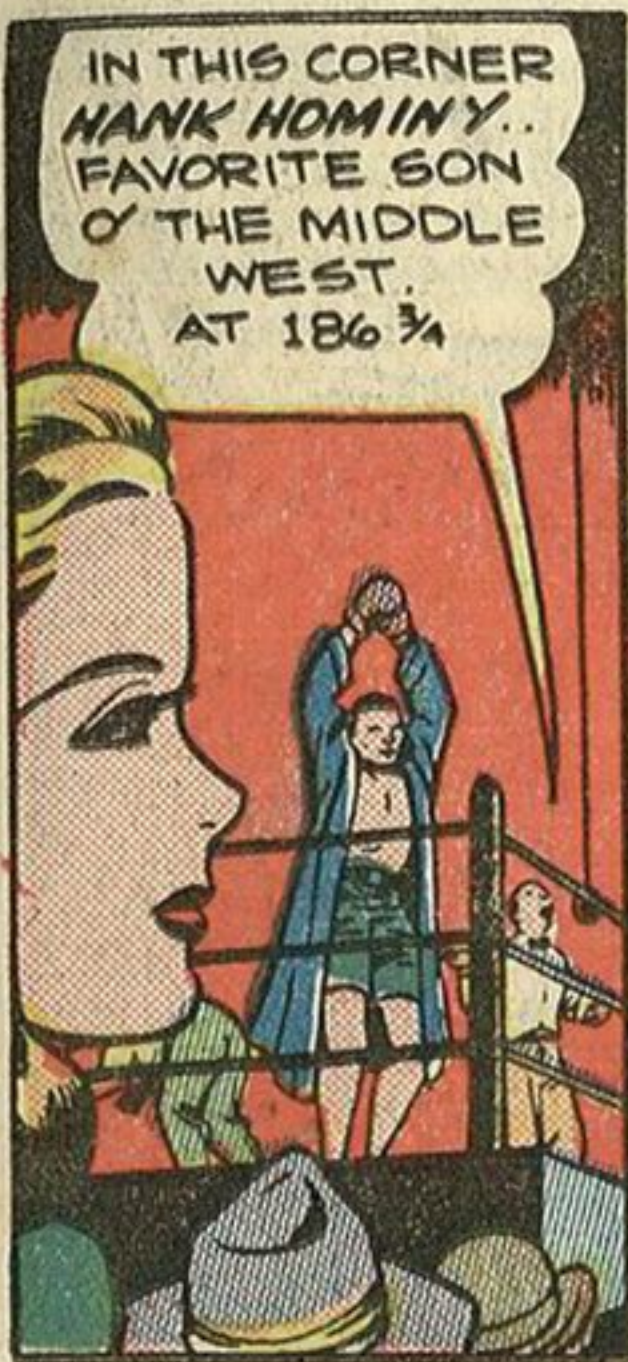
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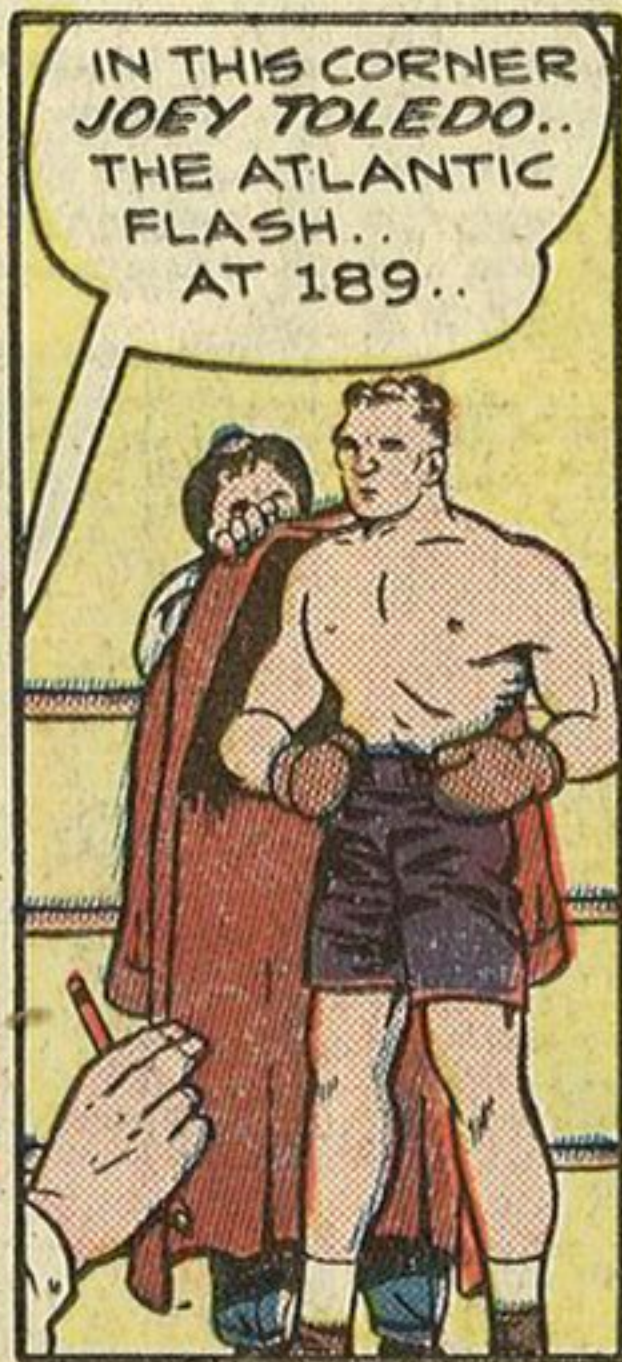


124 Klaus Nordling





IN THIS CORNER
HANK HOMINY..
FAVORITE SON
O' THE MIDDLE
WEST..
AT 186 3/4



IN THIS CORNER
JOEY TOLEDO..
THE ATLANTIC
FLASH..
AT 189..



NO FIGHTIN'
IN THE
CLINCHES..
BREAK CLEAN
..NO LOW
BLOWS..

I DON'T
GET IT,
GRIFF...
YOU'RE
FLAT
EVERY
BETTOR
KNOWS THAT! HOW
YOU FIGURIN' ON
MAKIN' ANYTHIN'
OUTA THIS?



LOOK, IKE.. AIN'T
MILKY EXPLAINED?
THIS IS AN ARMY
RELIEF CARD I'M
PROMOTIN'.. WHICH
MEANS TOLEDO
AN' HOMINY ARE
ALSO DONATIN'
THEIR SHARE O'
THE GATE.. \$15,000,
AIN'T THAT RIGHT,
MILKY?



YEAH. SO GRIFF HAS
THIS 15 GRAND TO
FLASH.. AN' THE "WISE
MONEY" TAKES HIM UP
ON IT, 5 TO 12 ... BUT
GRIFF AIN'T NO
DOPE!



WHY
AIN'T
GRIFF
NO
DOPE?

WHY AIN'T I NO
DOPE? HAWH!
I HAD A LITTLE
"TALK" WITH
TOLEDO.. FOR
SIX GRAND, HE'S
TAKIN' A DIVE!

I COLLECT ON HOMINY
AT 12 TO 5 - SEND IN
THE ORIGINAL 25,000
TO THE FUND AN'
NOBODY'S WISE!



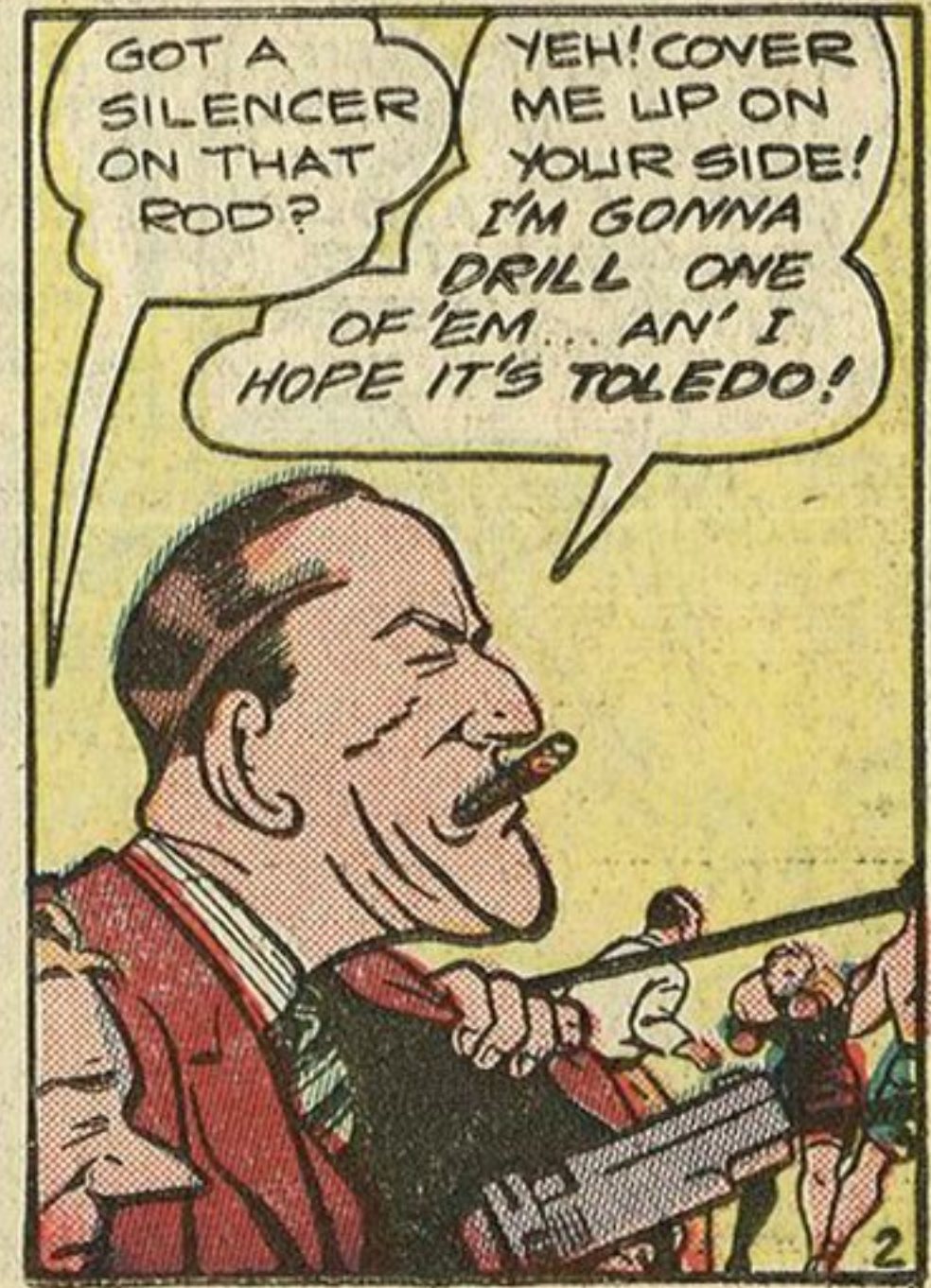
UH HUH THAT IS ALL
VERY FINE.. BUT
TOLEDO DON'T
LOOK LIKE HE'S
TAKIN' NO
DIVE!



HE'S DOUBLECROSSIN'
ME! I GOTTA STOP
THIS FIGHT!!



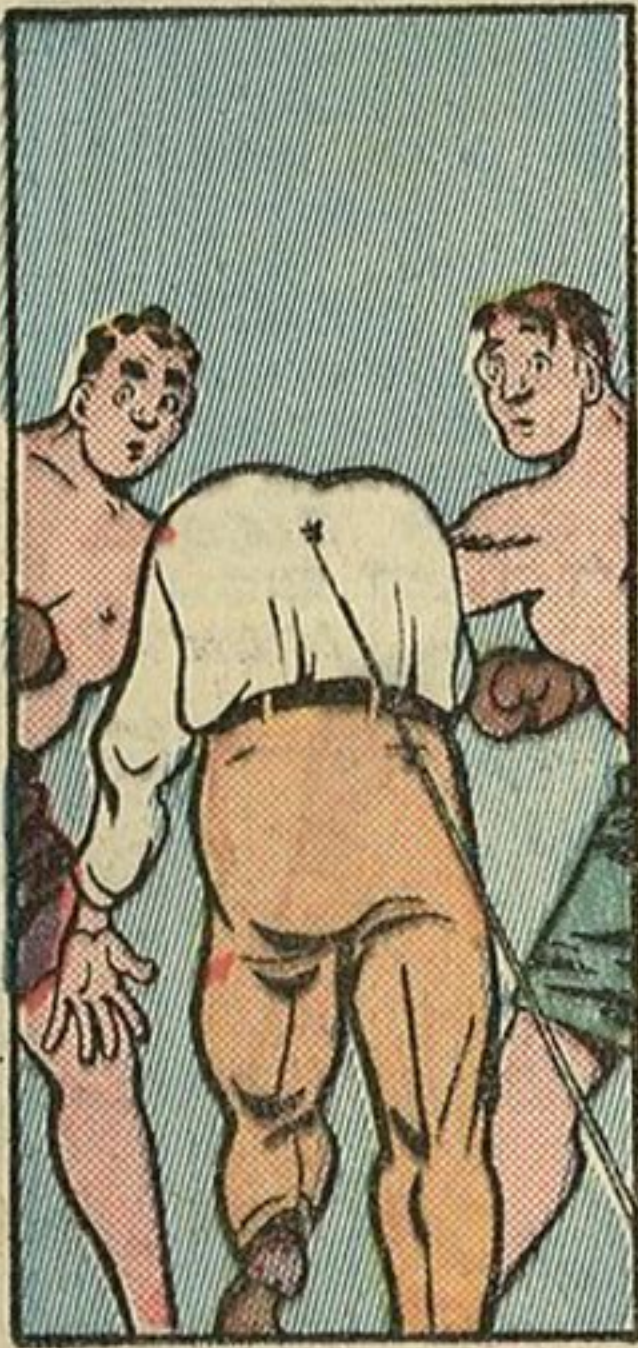
PST! IKE! HOP OVER TO
THE BLACKOUT SWITCH
IN THE CORRIDOR
WHEN YOU SEE A GUY
DROP TO THE CANVAS,
BLACKOUT!



GOT A
SILENCER
ON THAT
ROD?

YEH! COVER
ME UP ON
YOUR SIDE!
I'M GONNA
DRILL ONE
OF 'EM.. AN' I
HOPE IT'S TOLEDO!

SMASH COMICS



GOLLY, **BLACKOUT!** THE REFEREE COLLAPSES.. THEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT!! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THE **COUNT** OUT IN THE CORRIDOR! SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN HE'S LOOSE!



THE LIGHTS WHY DO YOU EXTINGUISH? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT PRACTISING THE GENTLEMAN AND I ARE?

HUH? OH... A BRIGHT GUY!



LADY LUCK! SOMETHING IS WRONG?

KAYOED HIM! WOW! HE'S A NATURAL!



WHO PUT THEM LIGHTS ON?--! ER.. I MEAN OUT?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS, MISTER?

I-I'M GRIFF, THE PROMOTER HERE! I... CAME TO SEE WHO STUCK THE LIGHTS OUT...

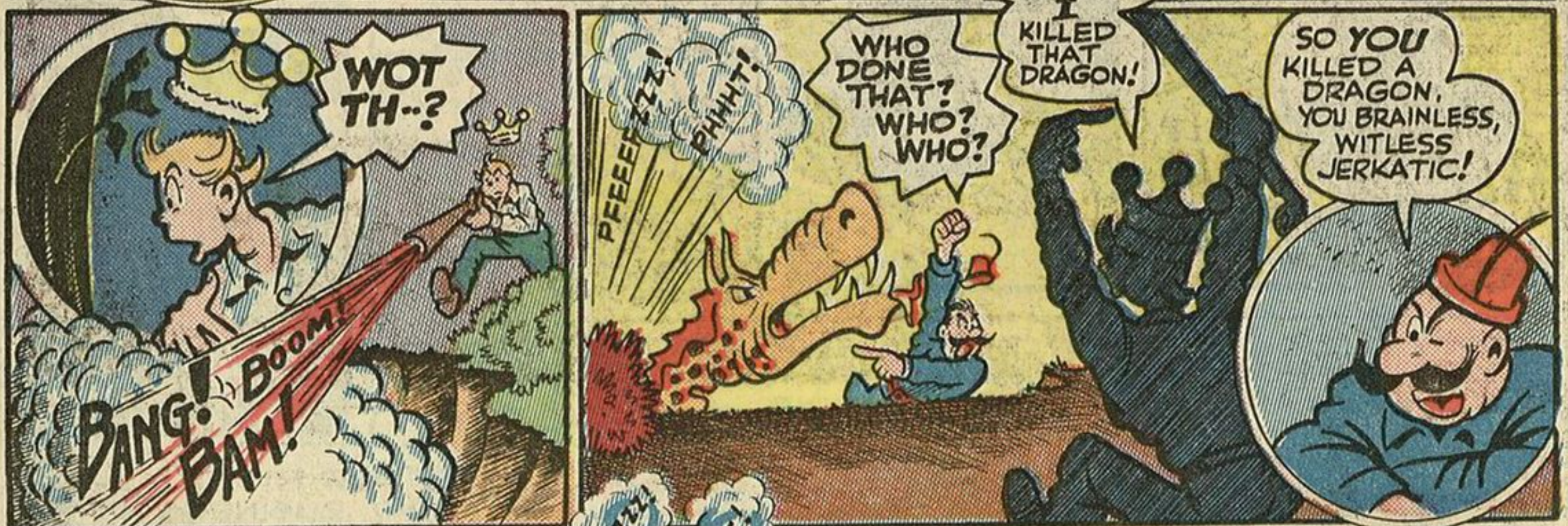
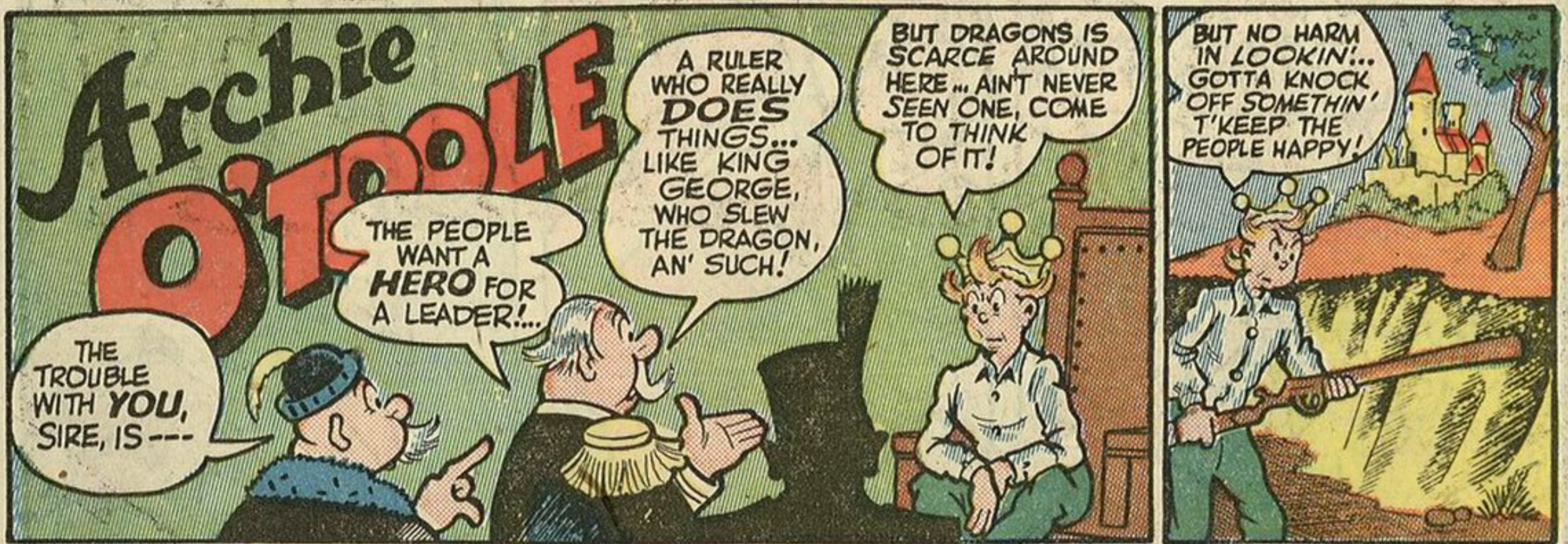


GEE, DON'T BLAME ME, GRIFF! I DONE WHAT YA TOLD ME... BUT THE LITTLE GUY STUCK 'EM ON AGAIN!



MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REFEREE, TOO, MR GRIFF!





THE MARKSMAN



Out

OF THE SNOW-CAPPED FOREST IT CAME, THIS ROARING MONSTER FROM THE EARTH'S DEAD PAST! -- SOLE SURVIVOR OF A RACE THAT SHOOK THE EARTH TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO!

AND UP THE TRAIL BEHIND CAME TODAY'S MONSTERS -- YELLOW MEN WITH SLANTING EYES AND THE HEARTS OF FIENDS... AND BETWEEN THESE TWO HORRORS STOOD THE MARKSMAN WITH ONLY BOW AND ARROW TO SAVE THE LIFE OF THE GIRL HE LOVED!

B BLACK NIGHT--

AND IN A DESERTED BAY ALONG THE WESTERN COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA



IS FAR ENOUGH!
... DROP HONORABLE ANCHOR!



ALL IS READY!
YOU UNDERSTAND ORDERS PERFECTLY, CAPTAIN KIOTO?

AH, SA, HONORABLE COMMANDER? THEY ARE WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF FIRE ON THIS UNWORTHY HEART!



FIRST WE CLIMB TO APPOINTED SPOT HIGH IN ANDES MOUNTAINS-- A SACRED SPOT WHERE NATIVES FEAR TO GO-- SO WE NOT BE SEEN...

IS RIGHT! AND WHERE HIGH ALTITUDE MAKES IT COLD ENOUGH FOR YOUR PURPOSE!



THERE WE MANUFACTURE GREAT QUANTITIES OF NEW POISON GAS TO BE READY WHEN OUR BRAVE ARMIES INVADE SOUTH AMERICA! **BANZAI!**



CAPTAIN HINUSHI, WHO PRETENDS TO BE FARMER HERE, WILL COME AT DAWN WITH NATIVES TO CARRY EQUIPMENT AND GUIDE THE WAY!



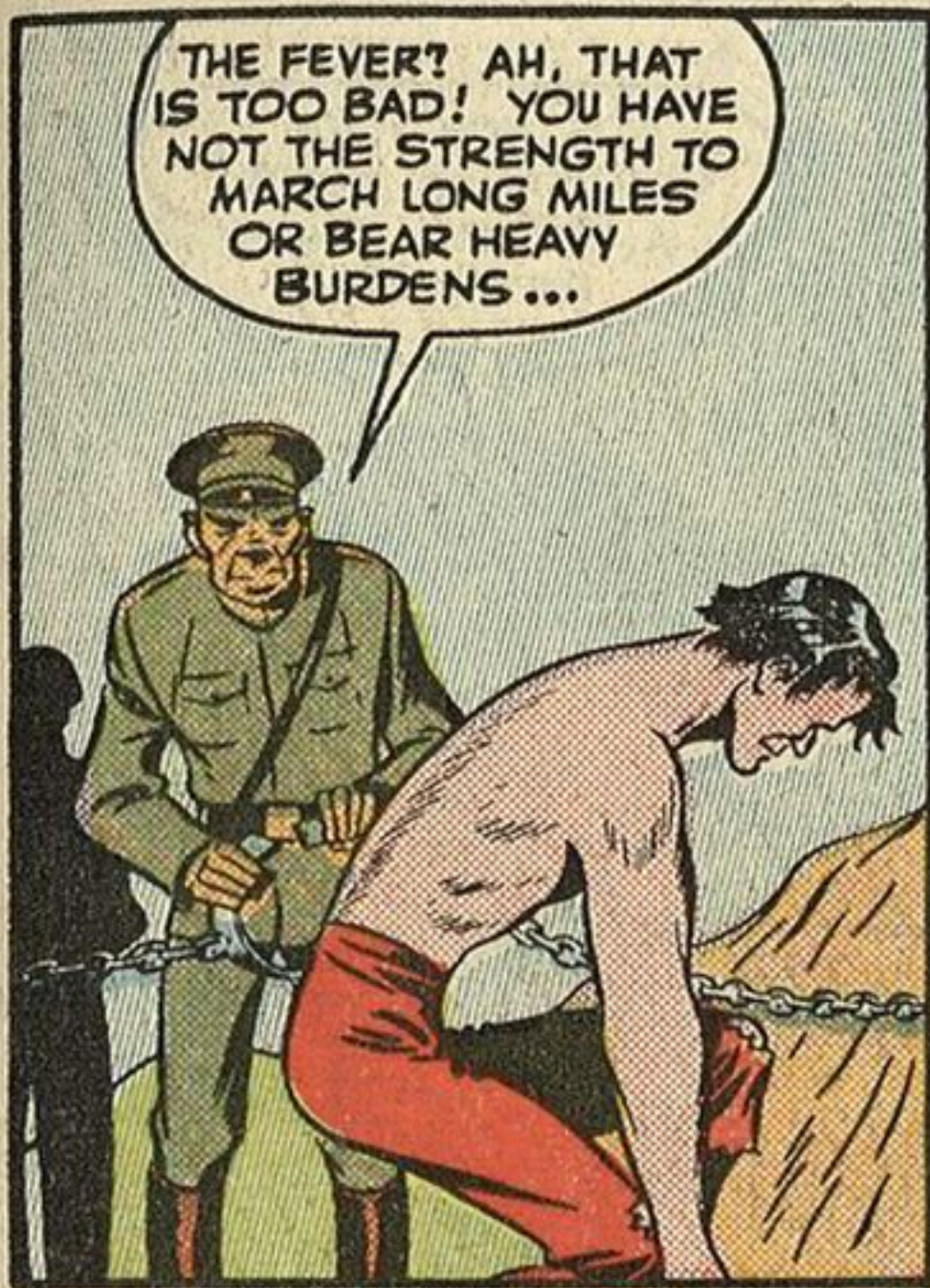
AIEEE! IS HONORABLE CAPTAIN HINUSHI WITH PROMISED AID! **BANZAI!**

BANZAI, HONORABLE CAPTAIN KIOTO! OUR SOUTH AMERICAN ALLIES HAVE COME--THOUGH UNWILLINGLY! STEP FASTER, DOGS!



UP ON YOUR FEET, DOG! BE QUICK!

I-- CANNOT-- LIFT IT, SENHOR! THE FEVER--RAGES IN--MY BONES!



Later...

SO A JAP PARTY IS HEADED TOWARD THE FIELD OF GIANTS, EH? BY HURRYING, I CAN GET THERE ABOUT THE SAME TIME THEY DO!

TAKE ME WITH YOU THIS TIME, MARKSMAN! I'M NO CHILD TO BE LEFT BEHIND!

ALL RIGHT! THE WAY WILL BE HARD AND DANGEROUS -- BUT NO WORSE THAN OTHERS WE HAVE FACED TOGETHER! WE LEAVE AT ONCE!

GOOD! JUAN CAN CARE FOR THAT NATIVE UNTIL WE RETURN...

LET'S NOT FOOL OURSELVES, ANNA! ... **IF** WE RETURN!

WHAT IS THIS FIELD OF GIANTS? AND WHY DO THE JAPS GO THERE?

THE FIELD IS A VAST PLATEAU, HIGH IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS, LITTERED WITH BONES OF ANCIENT MAMMOTHS...

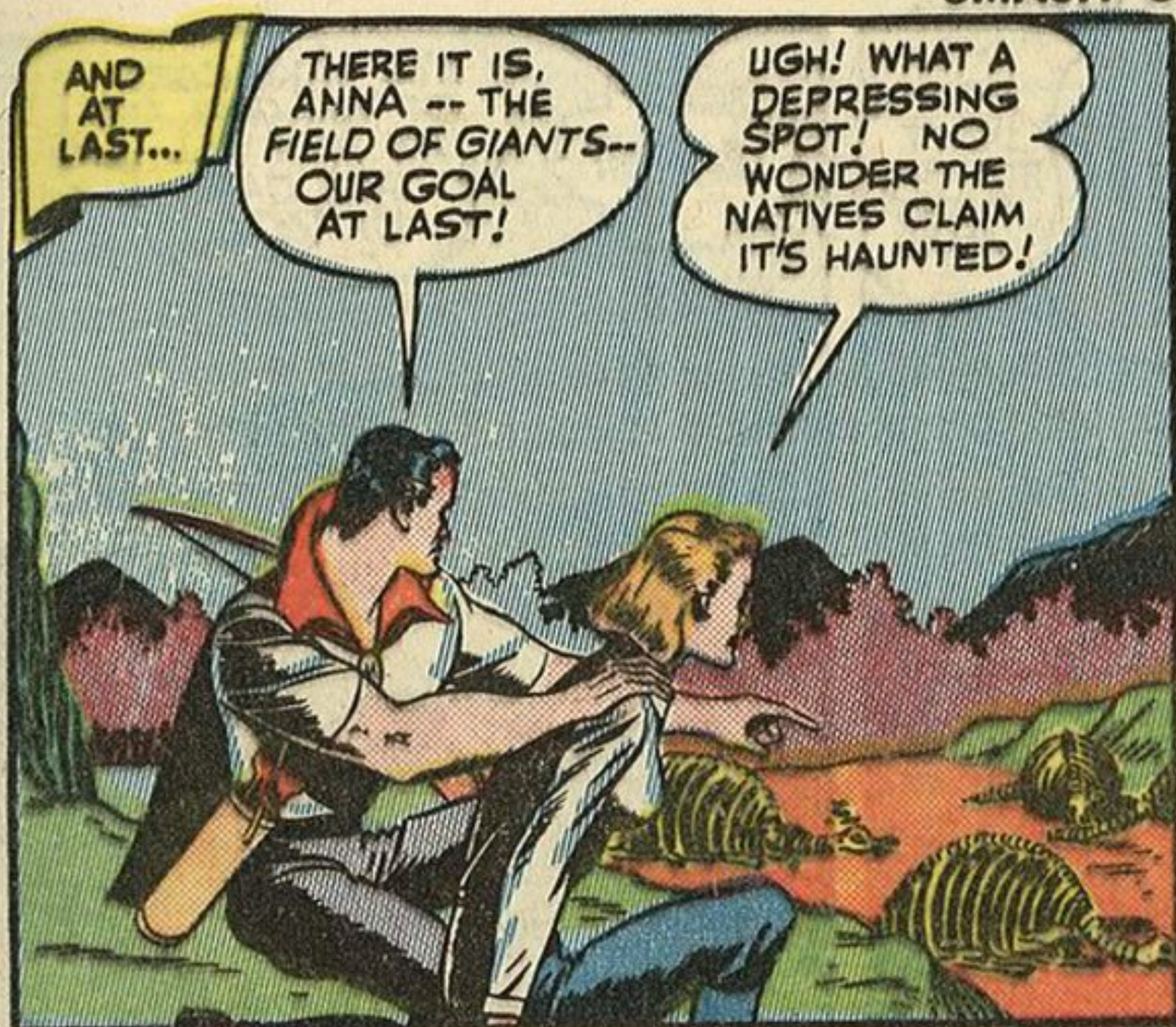
NATIVES CLAIM THE SPOT IS HAUNTED! THE JAPS MUST GO THERE BECAUSE THEY KNOW NO NATIVE WILL SPY ON THEM OR EVEN COME NEAR!

AND THAT MEANS THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING SO IMPORTANT THEY'D RISK ANYTHING TO KEEP IT SECRET!

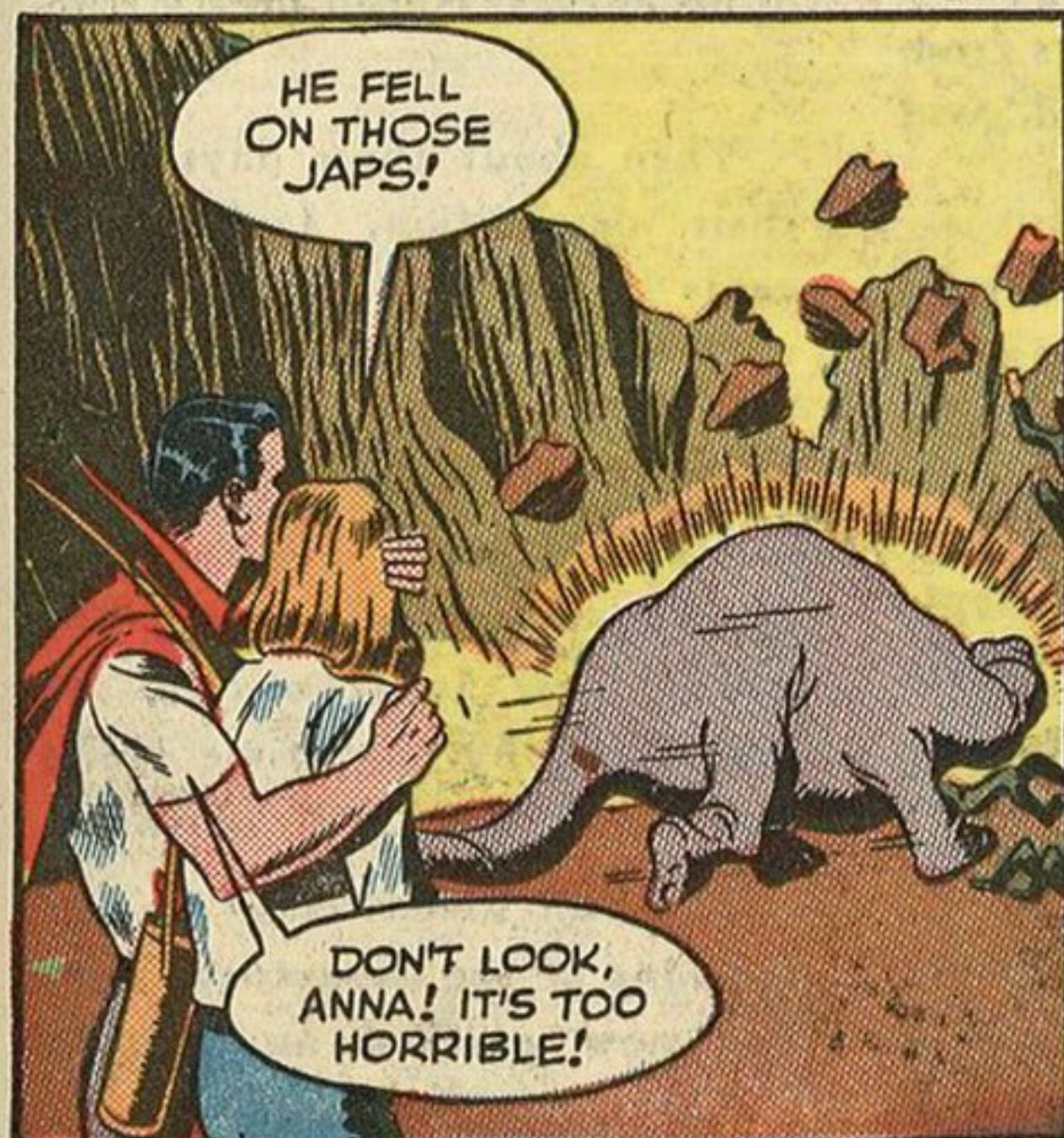
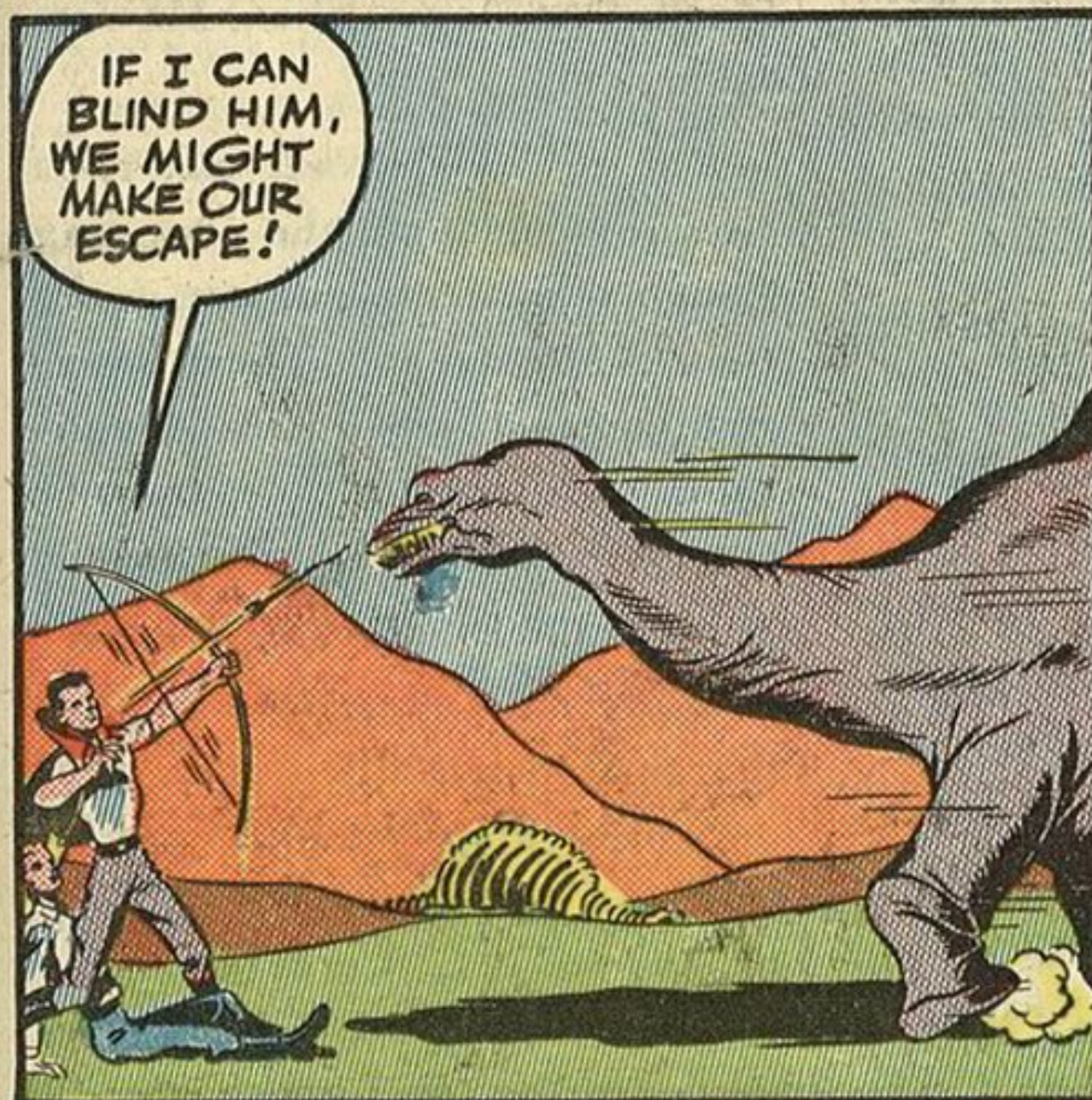
NEXT DAY...

BZZ-RR-R! THIS CHANGE FROM JUNGLE HEAT TO MOUNTAIN CHILL IS PAINFUL!

AND IT WILL GROW COLDER AS WE CLIMB HIGHER! LACKING WARM GARMENTS, WE MUST KEEP WARM BY MOVING FASTER AND FASTER!







MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

THE kraal of old Chief Mowassa was filthy. A pile of bones lay in one corner of the big enclosure—some of them didn't even look animal! Although it was said that Chief Mowassa and his savage people ate no humans. Not since the good Padre Mignon had come among them a quarter century before.

Mowassa's people were dirty, lazy, stupid. Not that old Mowassa was stupid; he wasn't. He was wily, crafty, ambitious. He knew the white man's psychology. He knew his greed! Knowing these things had been profitable for Mowassa, who was also no mean medicine man.

Mowassa at this very moment saw a chance to turn a neat penny. Two white men squatted before him, holding gourds of thick, rancid soup which an ancient hag had put into their hands soon after their arrival. Each had taken a sip—and each had nearly gagged.

Jimmy Christian, one of the white visitors, being more accustomed to African diets, tried to cover up for his friend's gastronomic agony. It was not courtesy to refuse to break bread with your host. Jimmy smiled and pointed to his friend as he held the Chief's glance.

"He knows that food is scarce at this season," Jimmy explained. "And therefore he feels he is taking food away from your wives and children."

Mowassa grew expansive. He

grinned, showing sharpened teeth. "Scarce or not," he said, "there is plenty of food for my friends." He clapped his hands. "Ayesha!" he shouted, "two more gourds!"

Jimmy almost passed out—more for the discomfiture of Jack Heins, his companion, than for himself. He could somehow get these awful brews down—the ability had saved his life more than once—but he knew that Jack, being a tenderfoot, could never sip another mouthful. Jimmy knew what faced him: eating Jack's two gourds of soup, besides his own pair! Three to go—!

It was the most difficult task that ever faced Jimmy, but he managed it. He felt ill afterward, but a strong constitution came to his aid. The interview was an ordeal. Jimmy had come to Africa in order to examine rumors that a large radium mine existed in the wild, remote mountains of the moon. Jimmy wanted guides and bearers from old Mowassa; he promised good pay.

Mowassa's greedy eyes popped. Profit. He would state a price, a high one. He could come down if necessary.

"Good!" said Jimmy, accepting Mowassa's exorbitant rate without batting an eye. The old chief almost fell over, he was so surprised.

"Good," again said Jimmy. "We'll be wanting to leave in

the morning. Can you have the guides ready, Chief?"

"At dawn, Bwana. One hundred five hard-working fellers oh—would it—"

Jimmy chuckled and dropped a sack of gold coins at Mowassa's feet. He knew what the old crook wanted.

"That for now, the rest when we return," he told the grinning black. "At dawn, then, Mowassa!"

The safari that set out next morning through the steaming Congo was a colorful one, more than 100 strong. There were strange tales about the Mountains of the Moon. Legends of terror and death. Unbelievable and incredible things.

Many days passed while they marched. Days filled with heat and sudden storms and mosquitoes and poisonous snakes. Two of the natives were bitten by snakes and died. One was pulled down by a lion and had most of his carcass ripped pretty badly.

Then about three days from their destination, Jack Heins came down with jungle fever and they had to camp for nearly a week, during which time a terrific electrical storm ripped at the broad plain, nearly blowing their tents away. The storm blew itself out in 48 hours and by that time Heins was able to continue the march.

The sun broke clear on the morning of the departure. They had now reached an altitude

of 4,000 feet and the air was sharp. Vegetation was thinning out and the fauna, too, of the lowlands was growing scarce. They were approaching the country of the great gorillas, Jimmy had visited this amazing country before, capturing two perfect specimens for the Royal Batavia Zoo in Java. This time he was searching for a rare metal to help the war effort.

The safari reached the foot of the Mountains of the Moon at sunset and built camp. It was extremely cold when the sun had set. Farther up the rocky slopes they could see smudges of snow. Jimmy remembered the suffering of all members of his party on that last trek. The howling wind had almost torn them to shreds. The snow had buried their camp several times. Then the sun's terrific glare on the intense white—two of them had gone snow blind.

They were at the 6,000-foot level in two days, and caught in the tremendous gale that always blew at that altitude. Higher as they traversed the rocky trail, the wind lessened and the vegetation disappeared. Animals, heavy-furred, began making their appearance. Bears. A woodchuck type panda with enormous claws. A white weasel. Wild dogs with thick, grey coats.

Three days later, just below the crest of the lofty mountain ridge, the party arrived at the great depression wherein they were to find their radium. It was a wild, lonely gorge at the bottom of which raged a river. Vultures nested in the towering stone walls and flew in wide circles above the canyon rim looking for carrion.

Jimmy Christian had the camp pitched on the edge of the gorge where a huge rock broke the blast of mountain winds. Then they were ready for the great adventure!

The first night in camp was a nightmare of shrieks and growls and horrible chattering, and the sound of great boulders rolling and falling into the gorge. The great apes were at play, Jimmy reasoned—or fighting. They seldom attacked a man, unless provoked at great length. Then they were extremely dangerous. Killers, but not eaters of human flesh.

Test of the native pitchblende, in which is found radium—and even uranium—were most interesting. It assayed 1 gram in 240 tons of raw concentrates, an enormous yield.

"There's enough radium here to flood the world markets," said Jimmy after looking over the assay reports. "This is simply terrific!"

"Yes," replied Jack Heins. "If we can only fly separators in here we've got radium cornered. It can be sold for \$10,000 a gram instead of \$25,000."

Jimmy admired that trait in Heins: justice. He didn't want only profit; he wanted to make radium available to the masses, at a reasonable cost.

"If there is radium here," he said, "we'll find it, and we'll get it out!"

They found radium all right. The next week showed them that this was a radium deposit the like of which had never been found. They marked the area for aviators' spotting and were on their way out when it struck. Their camp was sur-

rounded about midnight by a howling horde of gorillas. They leaped from their bedrolls grabbing rifles. Shots stabbed the darkness, and howls of rage and pain ripped the night.

"I never knew the apes to attack men before," Jimmy said. He was standing near the tent he shared with Jack Heins. Suddenly he pointed. "Look, Jack! Isn't that a white ape?"

The moonlight was bright, revealing the hideous beasts. A huge white one acted as leader.

"An albino!" cried Heins.

"Get him," said Jimmy, "and we've got this thing stopped. I don't like the looks of this."

Jimmy's rifle barked. The white gorilla screamed shrilly and pitched forward on his face. The others, growling and screaming, slunk off into the darkness.

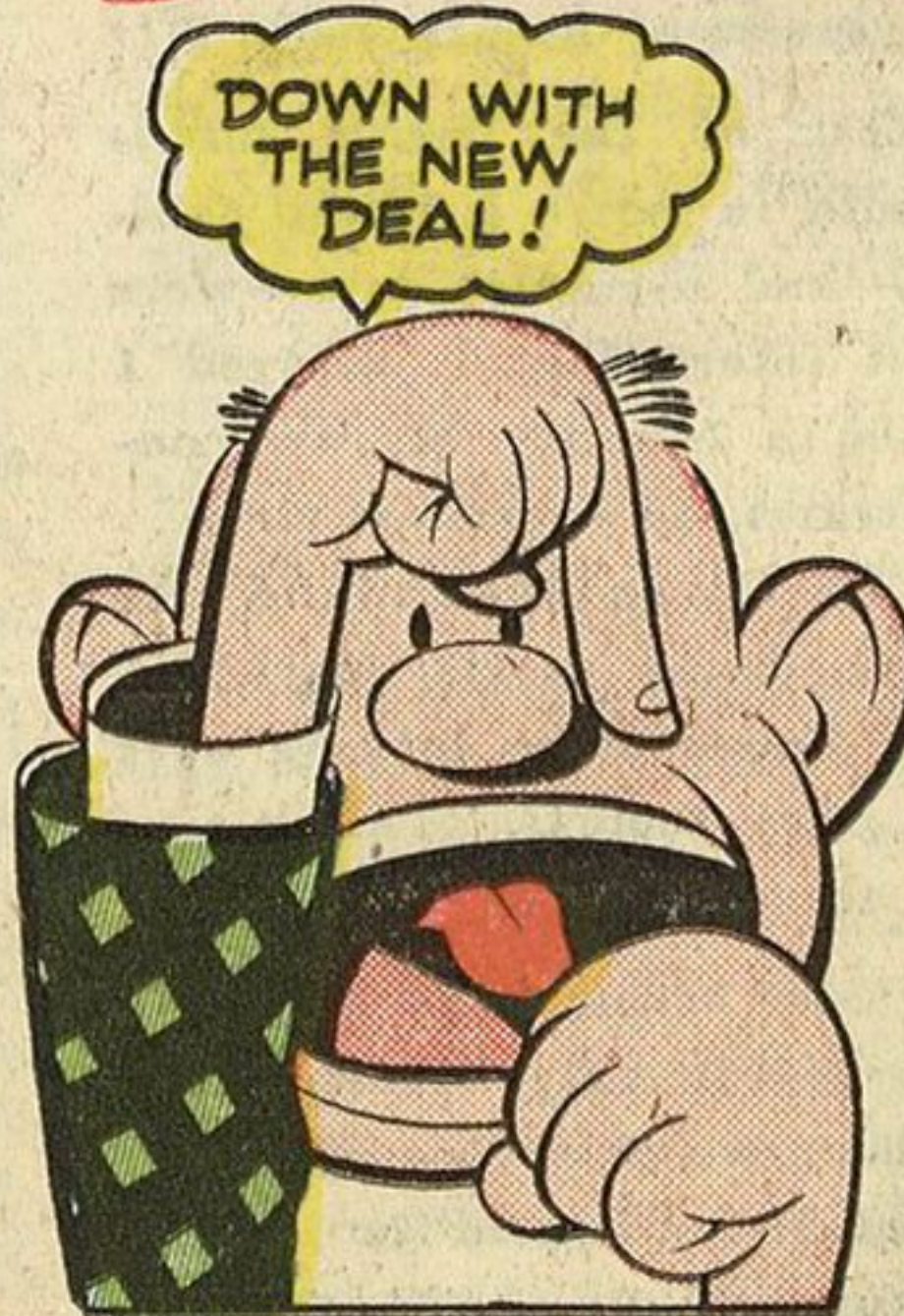
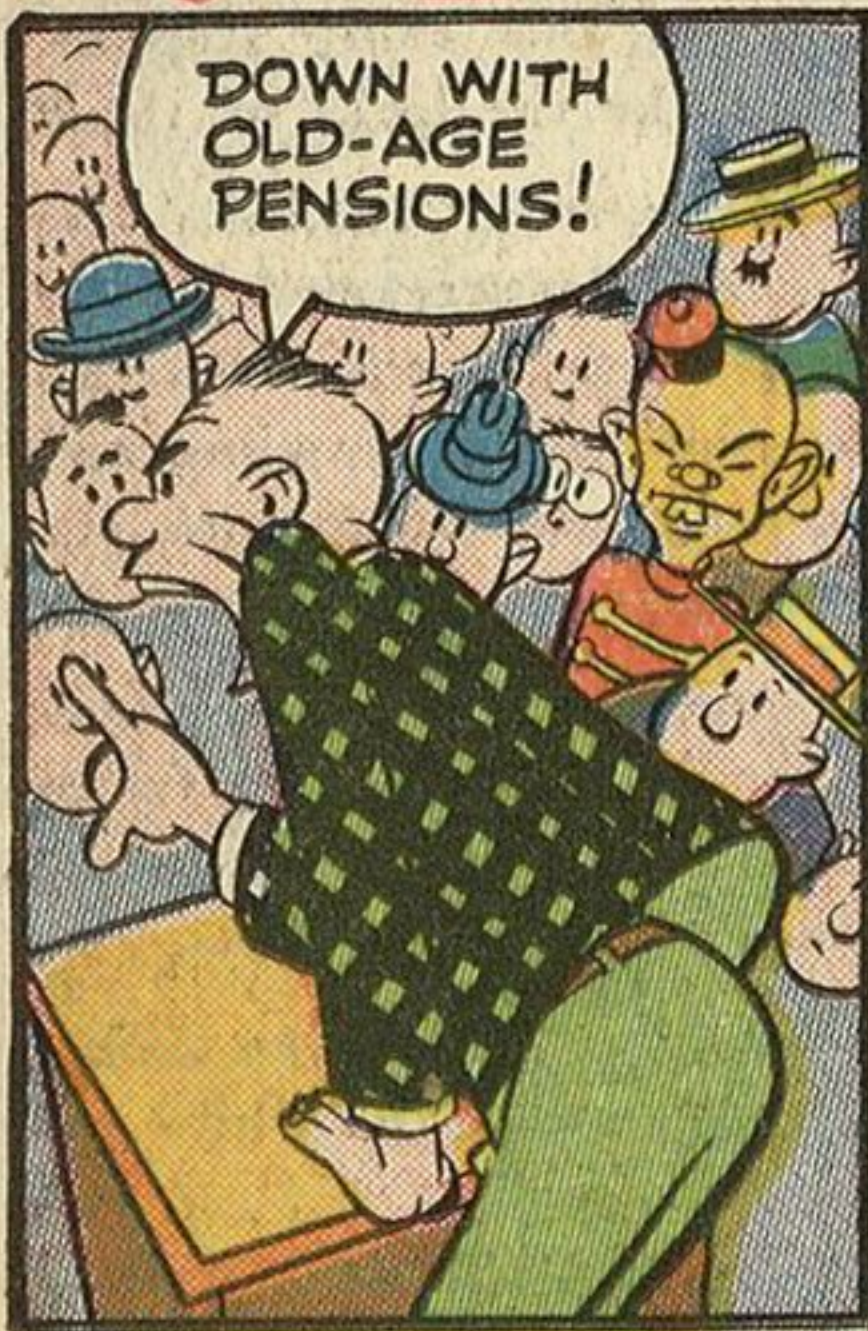
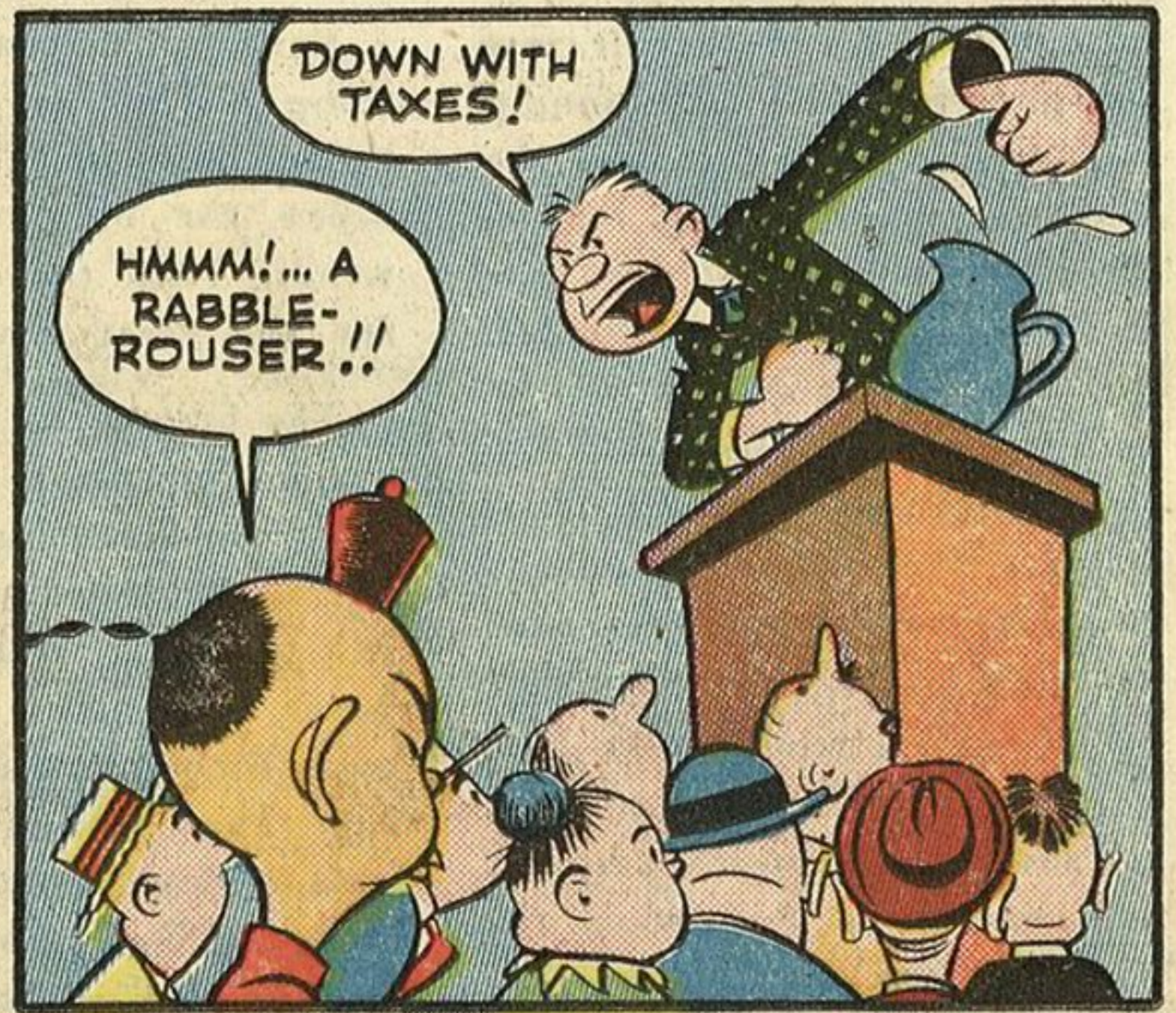
"Come on," said Jimmy, leading the way toward the fallen ape. Several others lay about, victims of the men's shots.

"Big fellow," observed Heins, looking down at the white gorilla. "Straight."

"Yeah," Jimmy replied. "Too straight." He rolled the beast over. Then he stooped with an exclamation and began ripping the creature's skin. Part of it came off. Heins gasped.

"Just as I thought," Jimmy said. "Old Mowassa, the native Chief! Greedy old devil. He meant to have us all killed so he could rob us. Pretty good trick though. He knew that a white gorilla is always looked upon as a sort of all-powerful bull by gorillas."

"Anyway," said Heins, "this white skin is interesting. The Zoo will like it."



Daffy

ME AFRAID
OF GHOSTS!
WHY, I
DON'T EVEN
BELIEVE
IN 'EM!



MLSTEIN

HMMM... WHAT
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
THAT? COBINA VANDERAST
IS GOING TO BE MARRIED!
FINE SOCIETY WEDDING,
TOO!

I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU KEPT UP
WITH THE
SOCIETY
NOTES, DEKE!

WHY, OF COURSE
I DO! ... FOR
INSTANCE, TAKE
THIS VANDERAST
FAMILY! DO
YOU KNOW,
THEY SAY THEIR
ESTATE IS
HAUNTED?

RIGHT! BY A PHANTOM
WHO WON'T PERMIT ANY
WOMAN IN THE
FAMILY TO MARRY
THE FIRST MAN
SHE CHOOSES!...
THEY SAY THAT, IF
SHE PERSISTS, THE
GHOST KILLS THE
MAN BEFORE SHE
CAN MARRY HIM!

HAUNTED
??

GOSH!





THE STORY IS THAT THE PHANTOM IS MEAN THAT WAY BECAUSE WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, HIS DAUGHTER MARRIED A MAN WITHOUT HIS CONSENT! HE KILLED BOTH HIS DAUGHTER AND THE MAN!

BUT DEKE! THAT STORY'S RIGHT THERE IN THE PAPER!



OH, THE PAPERS!... OF COURSE, THEY WERE BOUND TO GET THE STORY EVENTUALLY --- BUT I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! HEH-HEH!

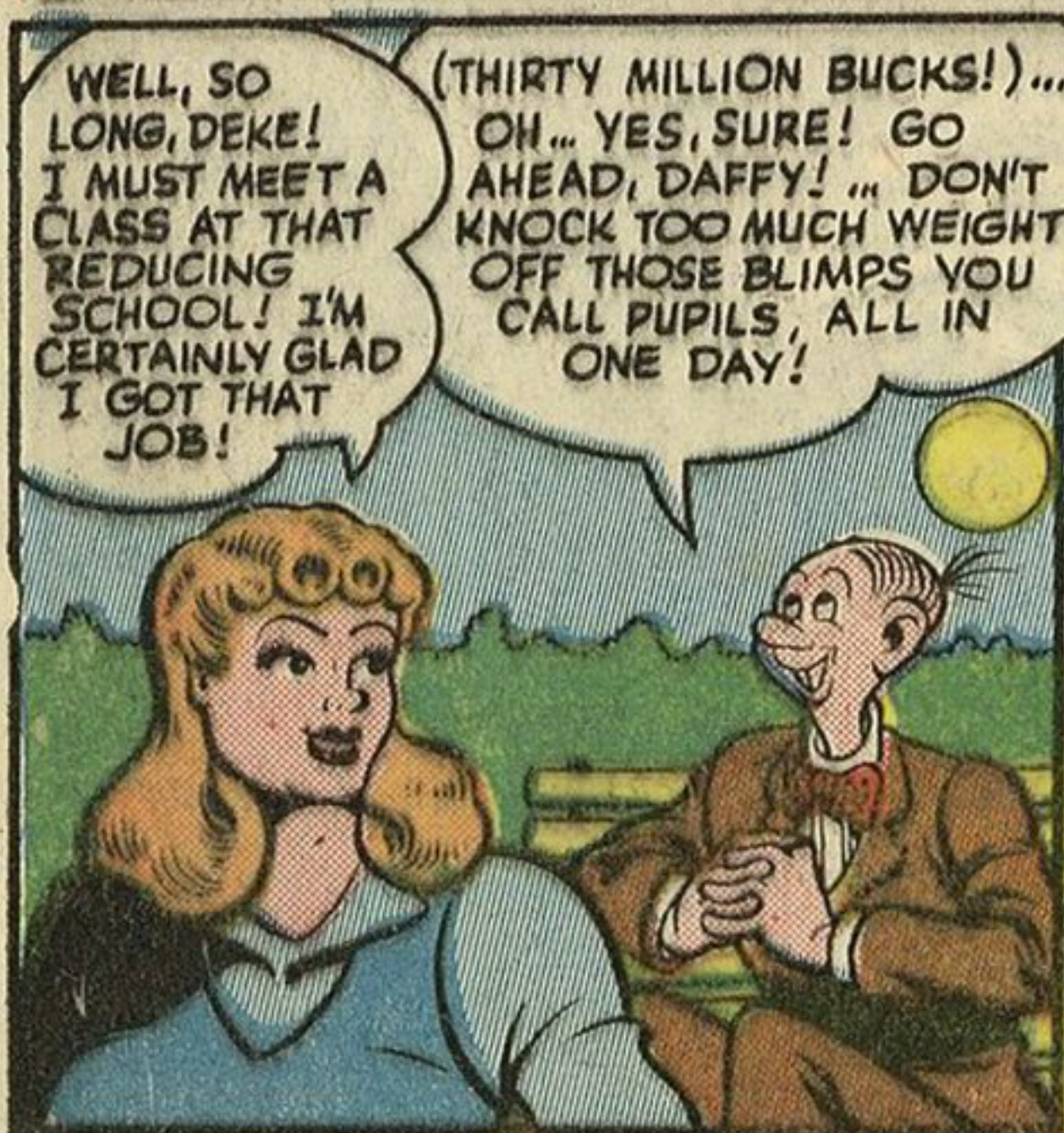


Cobina Vanderast to Wed! Will the Vanderast Phantom Strike?



SHE'S PRETTY! I HOPE THAT OLD PHANTOM DOESN'T HURT HER! ... ANYWAY, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

THIRTY MILLION BUCKS --AND A FACE LIKE THAT, TOO! SIGH SIGH



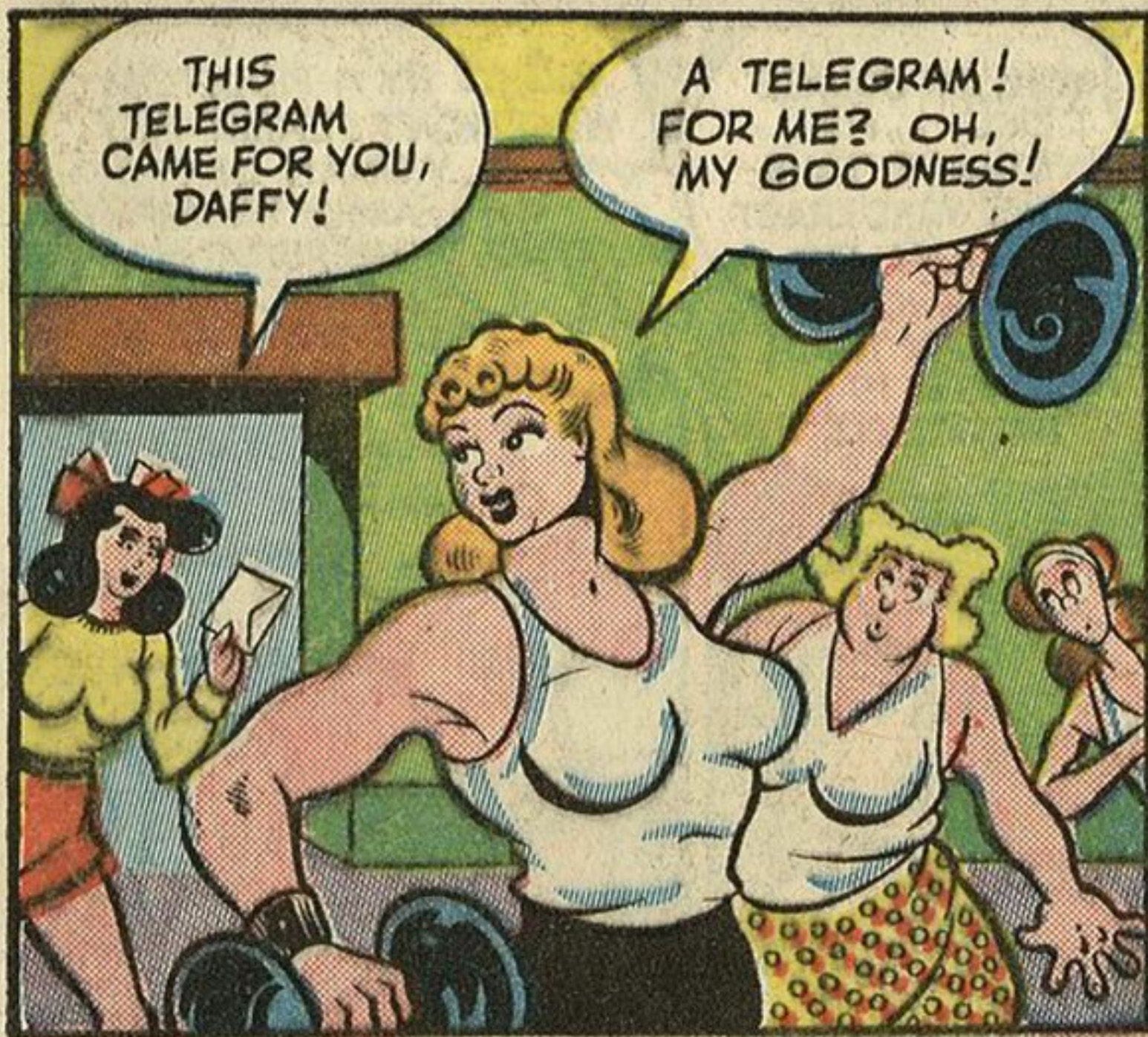
WELL, SO LONG, DEKE! I MUST MEET A CLASS AT THAT REDUCING SCHOOL! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD I GOT THAT JOB!

(THIRTY MILLION BUCKS!)... OH... YES, SURE! GO AHEAD, DAFFY! ... DON'T KNOCK TOO MUCH WEIGHT OFF THOSE BLIMPS YOU CALL PUPILS, ALL IN ONE DAY!



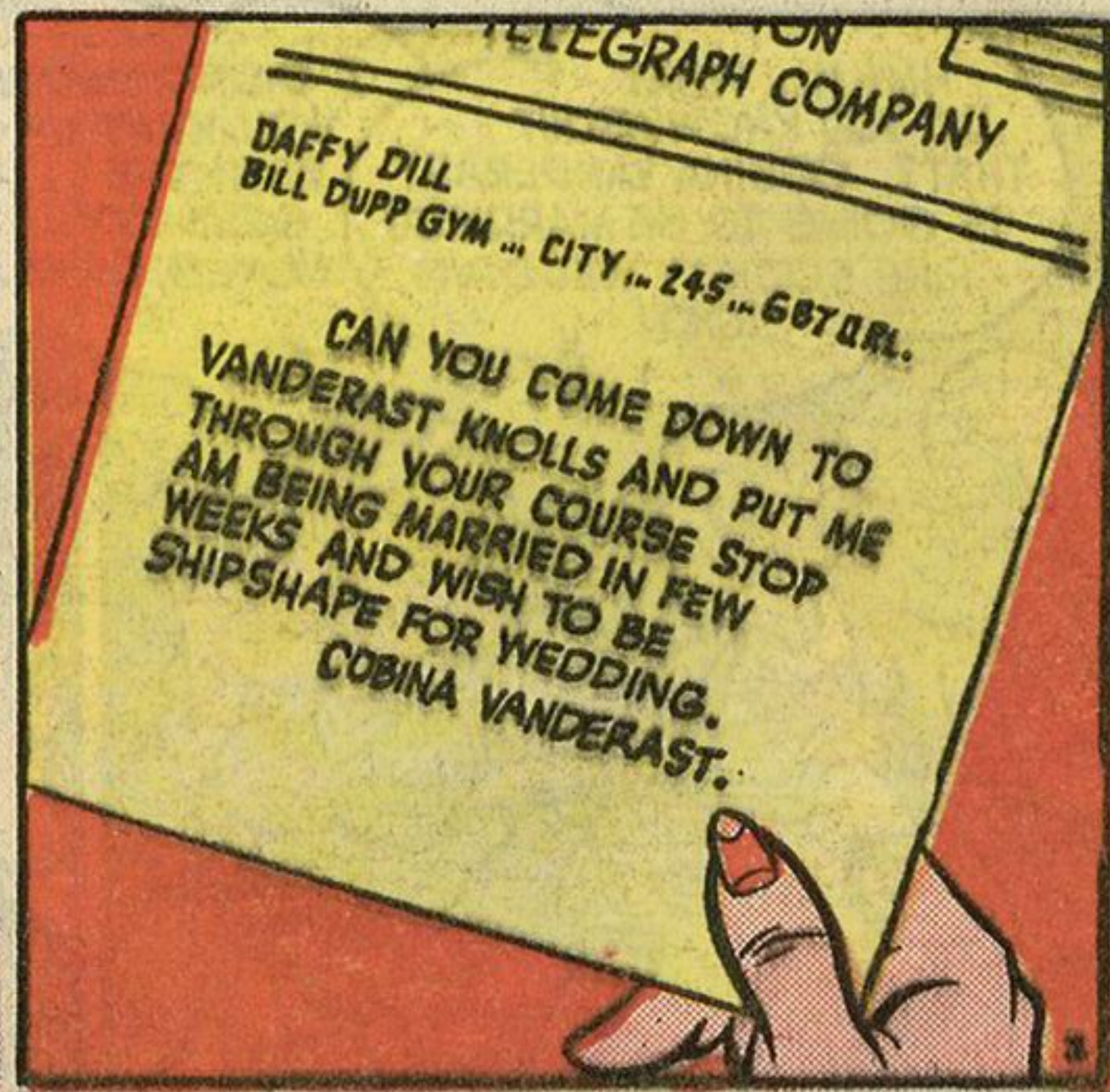
LATER... WHILE DAFFY IS INSTRUCTING HER CLASS...

ONE--TWO--THREE--FOUR---



THIS TELEGRAM CAME FOR YOU, DAFFY!

A TELEGRAM! FOR ME? OH, MY GOODNESS!



DAFFY DILL
BILL DUDD GYM ... CITY ... 245 ... 667 DRL.

CAN YOU COME DOWN TO VANDERAST KNOLLS AND PUT ME THROUGH YOUR COURSE STOP AM BEING MARRIED IN FEW WEEKS AND WISH TO BE SHIPSHAPE FOR WEDDING.
COBINA VANDERAST.



"... SUDDENLY I HEARD A HOLLOW LAUGH!"

HA-A -- HA-A-A!...
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR
TIME, PACKING THAT
STUFF, COBINA
VANDERAST!

"I TURNED AROUND -- AND THERE WAS THE
MOST HORRIBLE CREATURE I HAVE EVER SEEN!"

YOU'RE WASTING TIME
BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER
MARRY PERCY HARLOW! I'LL
SEE TO THAT! VANDERAST
WOMEN NEVER MARRY THE
FIRST MAN THEY CHOOSE!
HA-A-A -- HA-A-A!

I SCREAMED!
THEN I
FAINTED!...
WHEN I CAME
TO, THE BUTLER
WAS GIVING
ME A DRINK OF
WATER! THE
PHANTOM WAS
GONE!

MY
GOODNESS!

I'M SO AFRAID!
PERCY IS COMING
HERE TONIGHT...
WHAT IF THE
PHANTOM TRIES
TO KILL HIM?...
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO
DO!

GOLLY! I'VE NEVER
TANGLED WITH A
PHANTOM BEFORE
... BUT MAYBE WE
CAN DO SOMETHING!
LET'S GO DOWN-
STAIRS AND SEE
IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS!

PERCY,
YOU'VE COME
AT LAST!
THIS IS
MY FRIEND,
DAFFY!

HELLO,
MY
DEAR!

PERCY, IT'S
TRUE ABOUT THE
PHANTOM! ... I
SAW HIM!

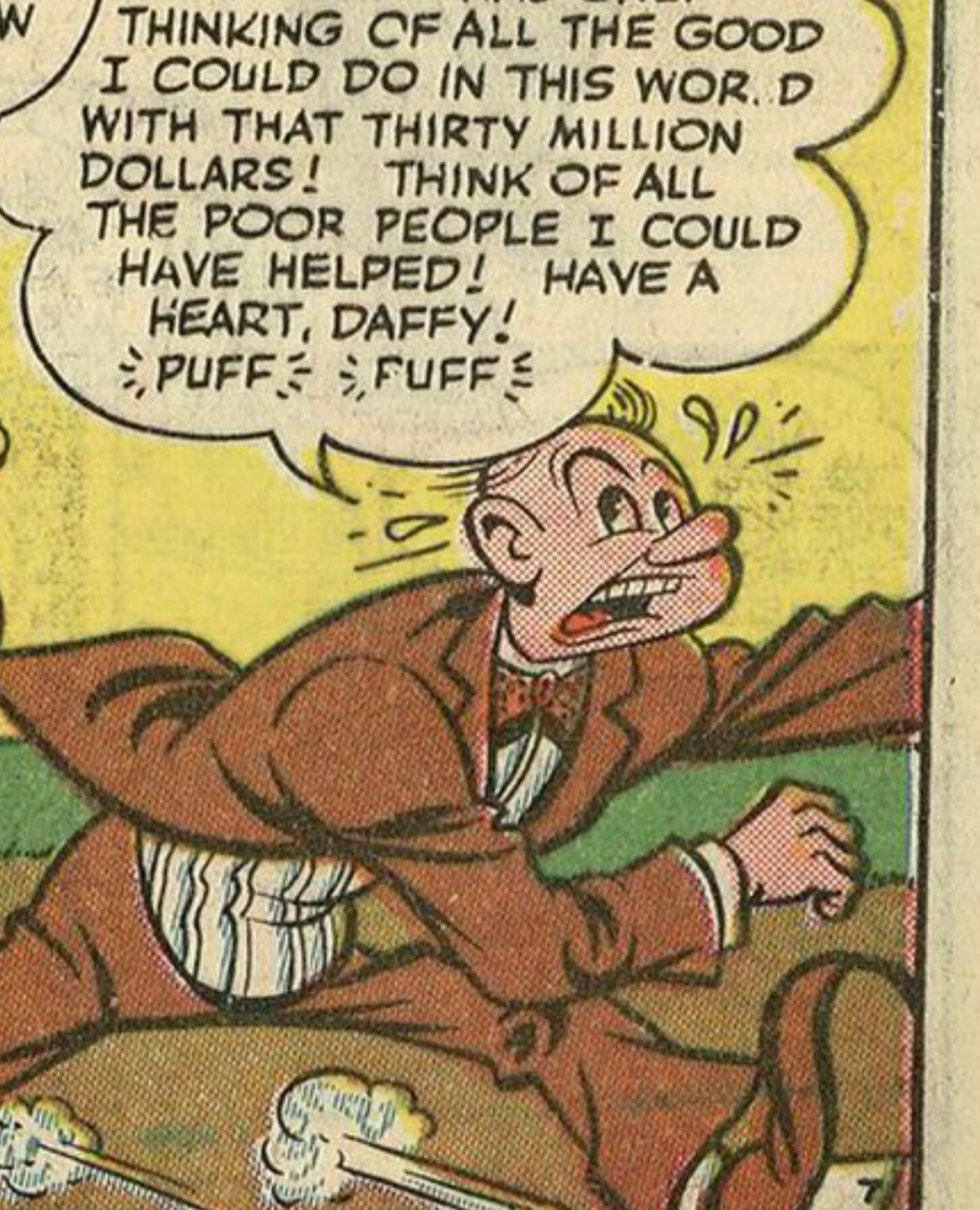
Y-YOU D-DID?
WH-WHAT DID
HE SAY?

HE SAID I'D
NEVER MARRY YOU!
-- HE SAID IT AS
IF HE MEANT
TO KILL YOU!

K-KILL
ME!...
OHH-H!!







I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

BOO-O--HOO-O-O!
PERCY IS A COWARD AND A WEAKLING! I HATE HIM! I'LL MARRY THE FIRST MAN WHO ASKS ME -- JUST TO SPITE PERCY!

YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT! I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU HE WAS NO GOOD! ... MARRY ME! I'M A REAL MAN!

YES... I WILL -- EVEN YOU!! ... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

HE'S THE PHANTOM, COBINA! THE RAT PRETENDED HE WAS THE PHANTOM SO HE'D SCARE PERCY AWAY AND BE ABLE TO MARRY YOU FOR YOUR MONEY!

WHY, DAFFY! ... HOW CAN YOU THINK SUCH THINGS ABOUT ME?

YOU TWO-FACED, DOUBLE-CROSSING SKUNK! YOU THOUGHT YOU'D THROW ME OVER AND MARRY COBINA FOR HER MONEY! ... I'LL SHOW YOU!

NOW BE REASONABLE, DAFFY! YOU KNOW I WAS ONLY THINKING OF ALL THE GOOD I COULD DO IN THIS WORLD WITH THAT THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS! THINK OF ALL THE POOR PEOPLE I COULD HAVE HELPED! HAVE A HEART, DAFFY! :PUFF: :PUFF:

The JESTER

The Jester turns tragedy into comedy for the sake of law, lessons and **Laughter!**

Serious enough is Chuck Lane, the young policeman -- but his other self is the smiling, smashing **Jester!!**



Patrolman Lane and Detective McGinty have just come off duty...

I DON'T OFTEN GO ON BLIND DATES, McGINTY! BECAUSE I'M GENERALLY STUCK WITH AN UGLY GIRL!

NOT THIS TIME, CHUCK! YOU CAN HAVE CELESTE, THE MAID -- BUT BRIDGET, THE COOK IS FOR ME! I GO FOR HER CHOW!



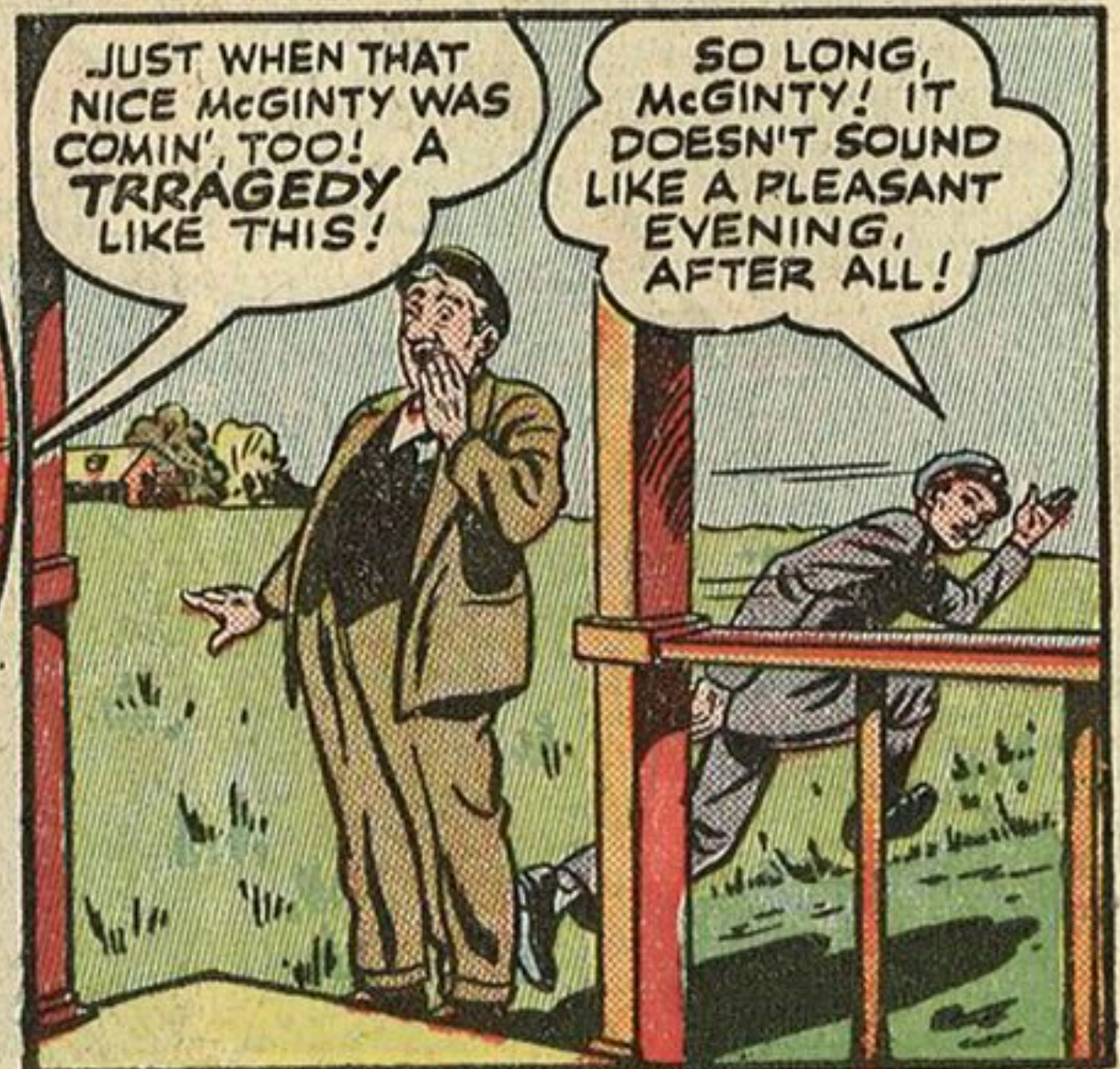
SAINTS ABOVE! THIS IS WORRSE THAN A MURDERR!

THEY SAID TO KNOCK AT THE KITCHEN DOOR... --WAIT! --- LISTEN!



JUST WHEN THAT NICE McGINTY WAS COMIN', TOO! A **TRRAGEDY** LIKE THIS!

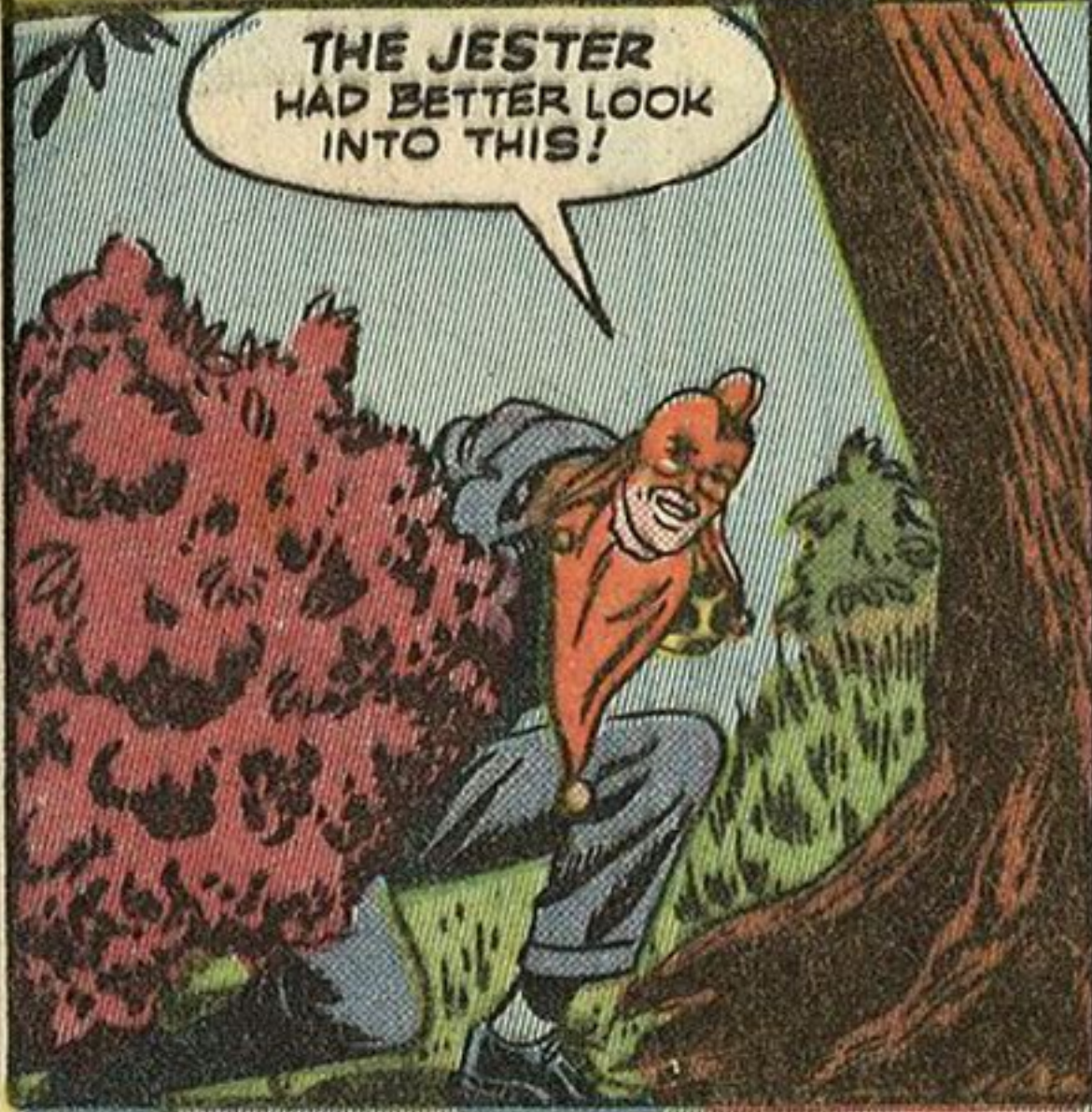
SO LONG, McGINTY! IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A PLEASANT EVENING, AFTER ALL!



SMASH COMICS

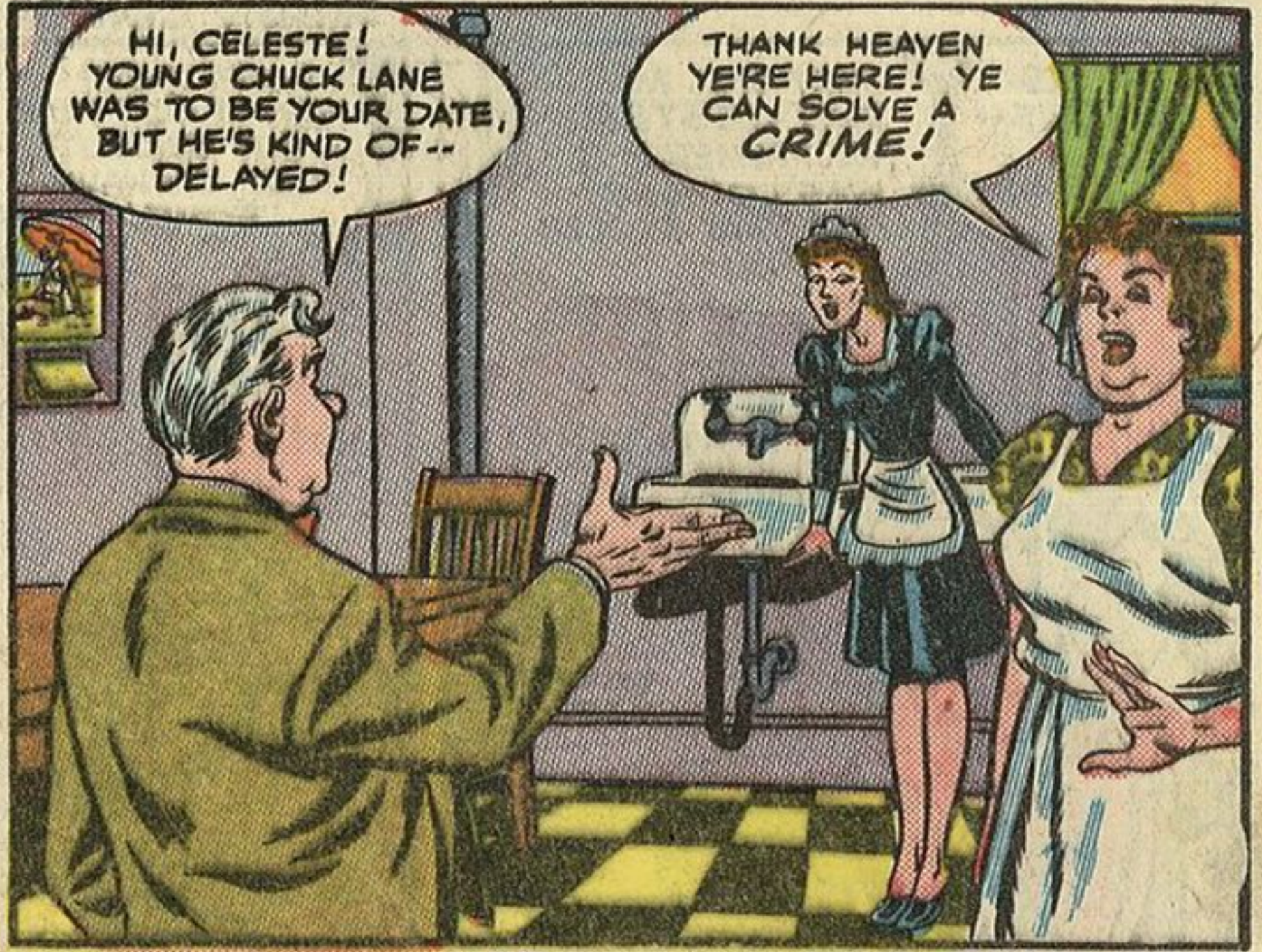
At the cries of distress, Chuck Lane seeks privacy and becomes---

THE JESTER
HAD BETTER LOOK
INTO THIS!



HI, CELESTE!
YOUNG CHUCK LANE
WAS TO BE YOUR DATE,
BUT HE'S KIND OF--
DELAYED!

THANK HEAVEN
YE'RE HERE! YE
CAN SOLVE A
CRIME!



CRIME?

SURE, AND IT'S
AWFUL! A
DREAM OF A PIE
I BAKED FOR OUR
RREFRRISHMENT
-- STOLEN!



HMM...
FIRST WE
GOT TO SEARCH
FOR A
MOTIVE!

WOT EES
ZEES
MOTEEVE?

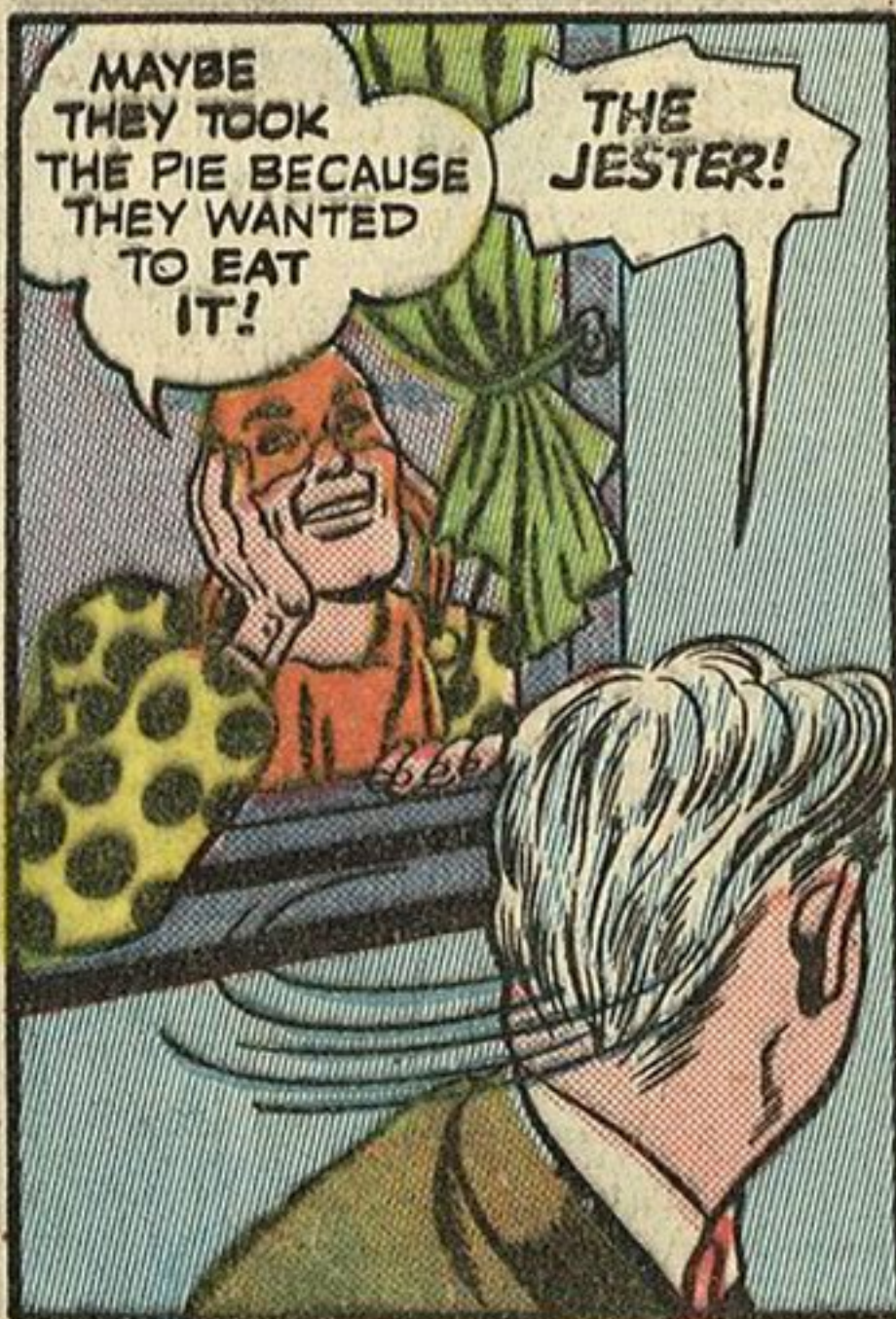


MOTIVE
MEANS WHY DID
THEY TAKE
THE PIE?



MAYBE
THEY TOOK
THE PIE BECAUSE
THEY WANTED
TO EAT
IT!

THE
JESTER!



VER'
HANDSOME,
ZEES
JESTAIRE!

LOOK!
TRACKS
LEAD FROM
THE WINDOW
TO THE
FRONT OF
THE HOUSE!



AND THE PIE
IS ON THE
PARLOR WINDOW
SILL!

WAIT
FOR
CELESTE!



SMASH COMICS





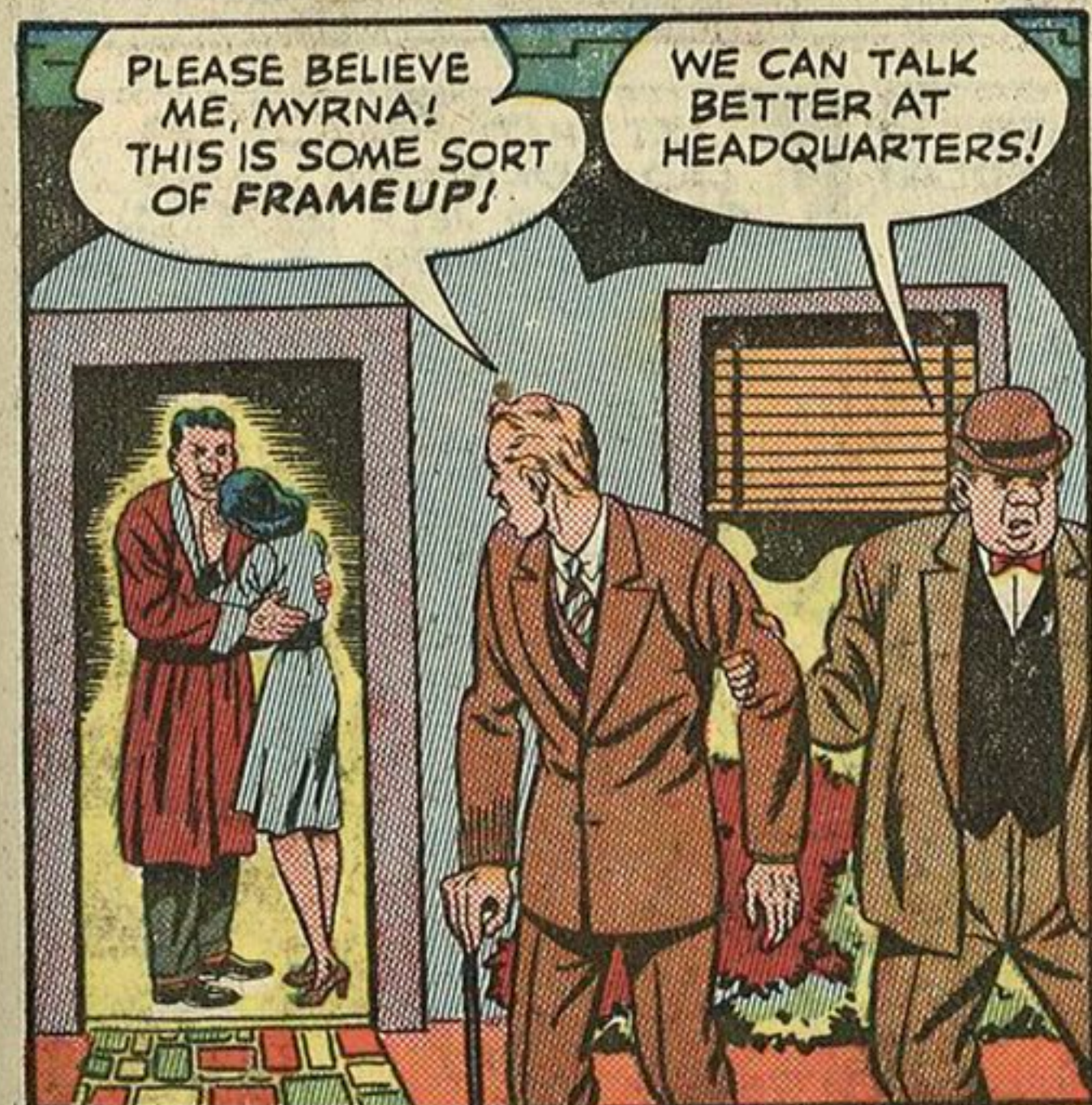
THEN IT WAS CELESTE!



DENNIS HARPE!



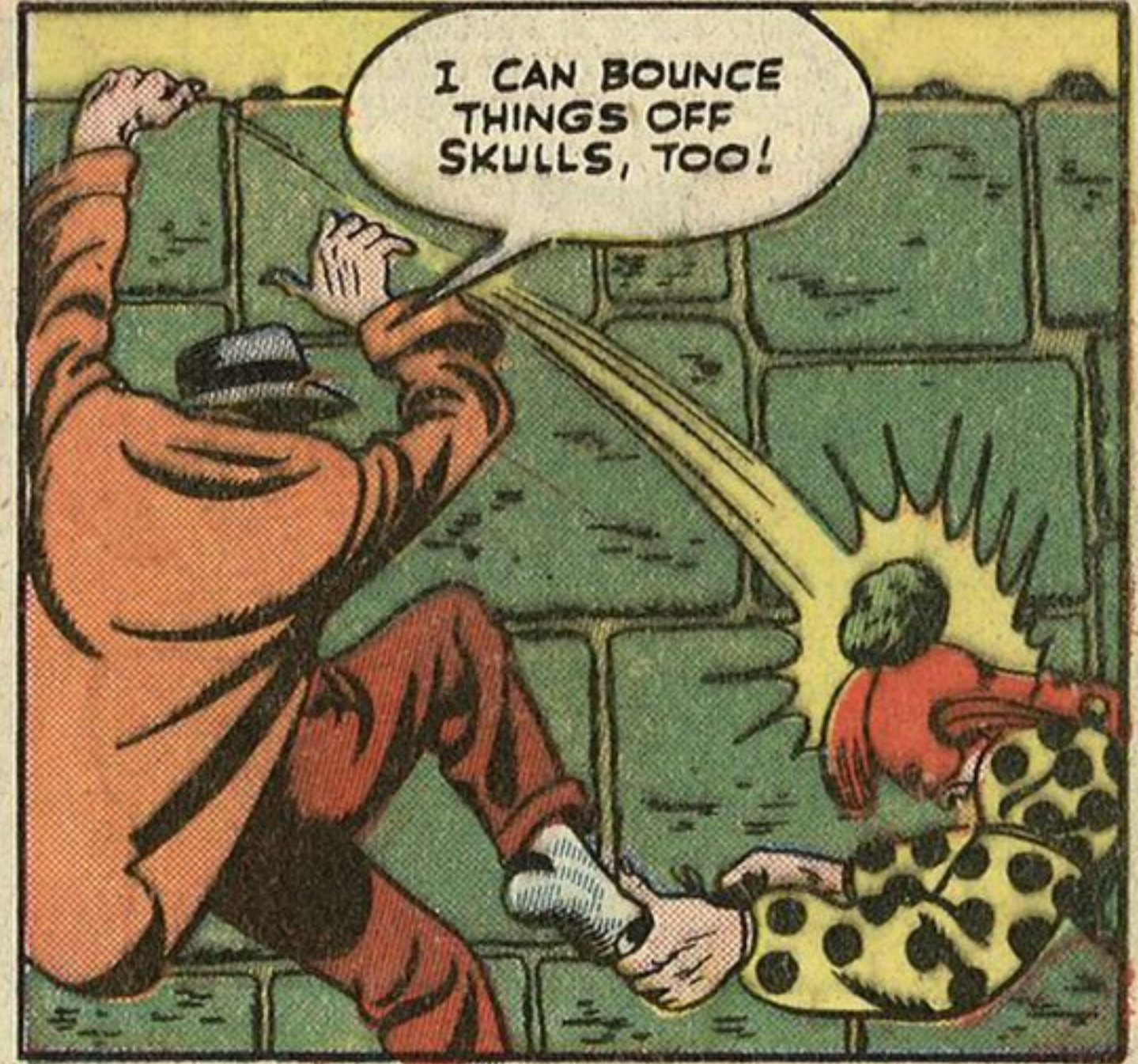
YOU'RE IN A SPOT, BUD!



WE CAN TALK BETTER AT HEADQUARTERS!



THEY ALL SAY THAT, SON!



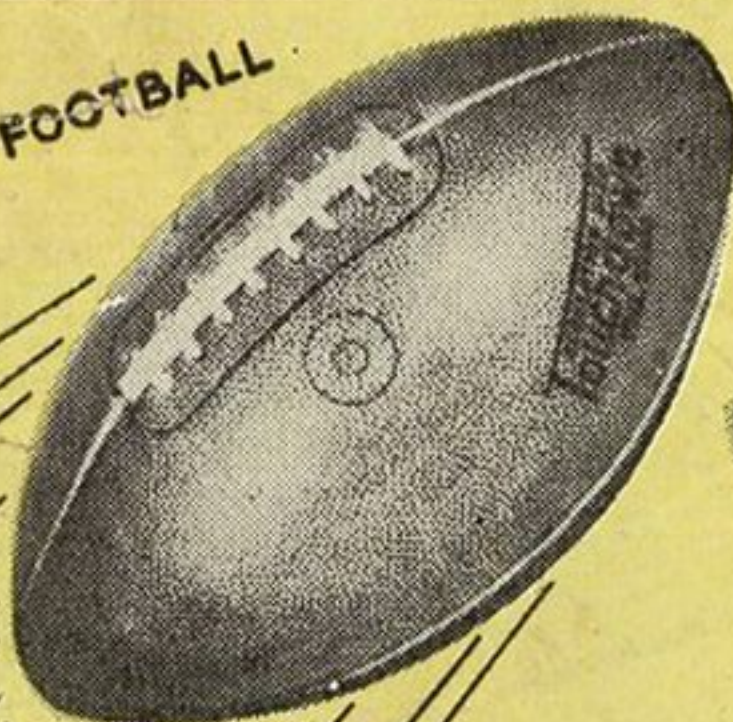
SMASH COMICS



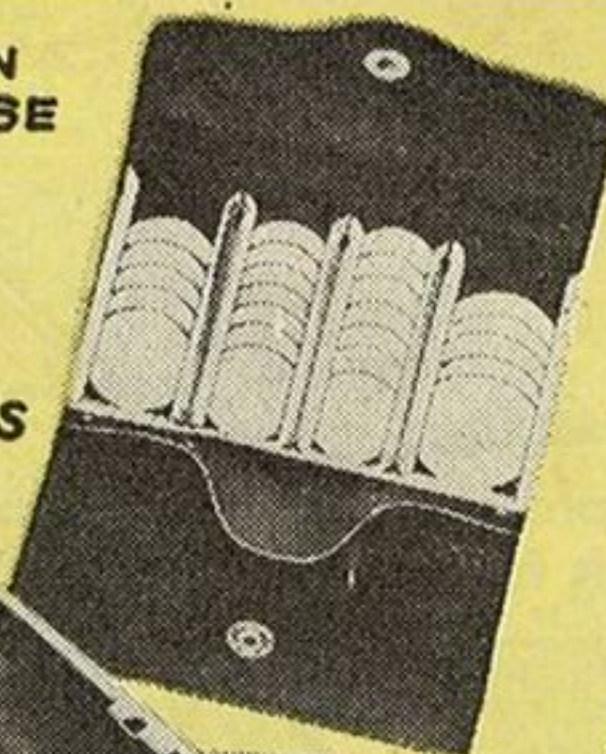


MONEY *and* PRIZES

FOOTBALL



COIN CASE



MODEL PLANES



FOR BOYS ONLY

FLASHLIGHT FOR WRIST



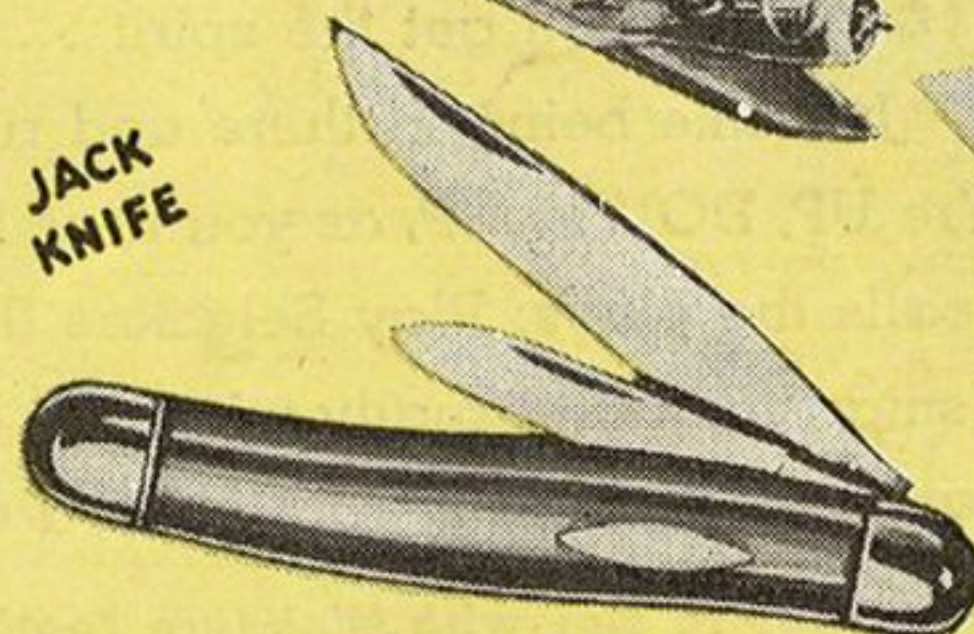
HAND AXE



STERNO STOVE



JACK KNIFE



MAN alive — just look at these Prizes! They're super swell! Just what every wide awake boy wants—and you can choose your own prize. Model planes to build and fly, sporting equipment, and some nifty numbers for the fellow who goes in for camping—a streamlined wrist-light, rugged hand axe or sterno stove. Every prize built to "take it". The Prizes shown here are just a few of the many you can earn in addition to a cash income. All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers you obtain in your own neighborhood. Takes only a small part of your spare time. Prizes and Profits will pile up like Magic. If you want action—write today!



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The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

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OPERATES ELECTRICALLY OR MECHANICALLY

WITH "TELEVISION SCREEN"



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a fake kick formation RED

ZOOMED

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U. S. Patent Office

*Around End...
and Over For a*

TOUCHDOWN

FIGHT! FIGHT!! FIGHT!!! You get the spirit . . . thrills . . . breath-taking chances!

Just like being in there and running a great team in the Bowl.

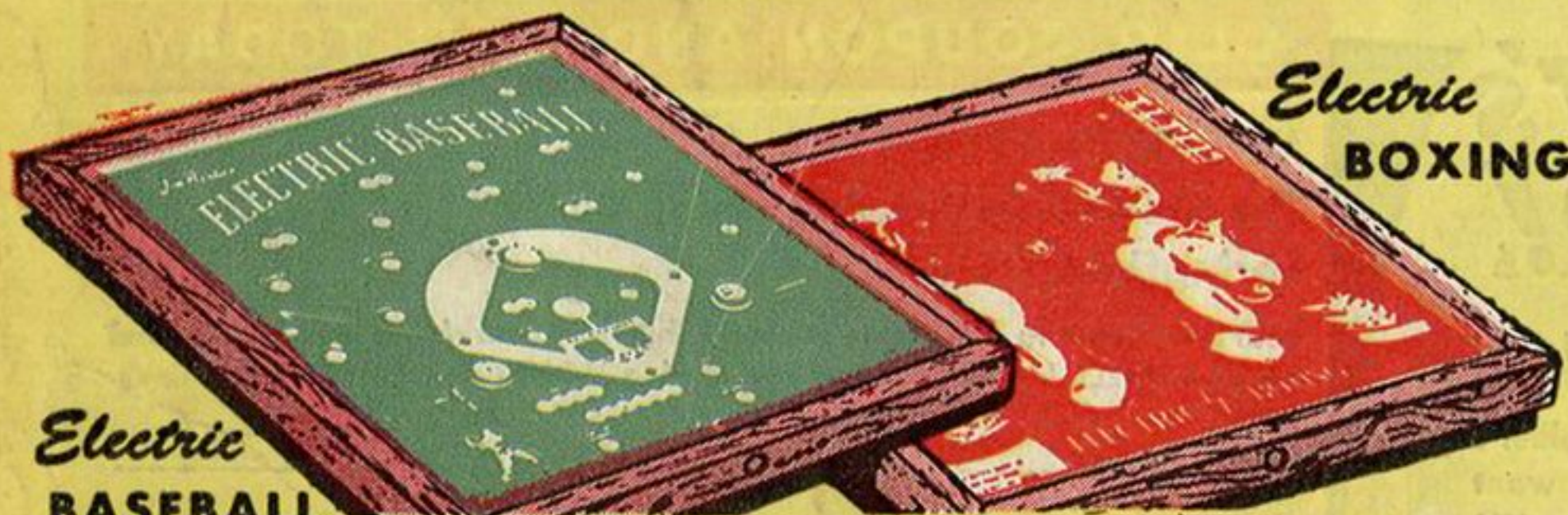
You're UP, DOWN, UP, as you urge Red to GO, GO, GO!

Each Captain calls the plays; Play Selectors flash gains or losses on the Television Screen.

The player who knows smart football usually wins. But it's anybody's game.

The team that's trailing and fighting has a chance to win a smashing last minute victory.

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